



IN THE SHADOW OF NO TOWERS

art spiegelman

FOR F, N & D, AS ALWAYS

THANKS WITHOUT BORDERS TO THE EDITORS AND PRODUCTION FOLKS AT *DIE ZEIT*, *THE FORWARD*, *COURRIER INTERNATIONAL*, *THE LONDON REVIEW OF BOOKS*, *INTERNAZIONALE*, *THE L.A. WEEKLY*, *THE CHICAGO WEEKLY* AND *WORLD WAR THREE ILLUSTRATED*—MY COALITION OF THE WILLING—FOR FIRST ALLOWING THESE NO TOWERS PAGES OUT OF THEIR CAGE.

A TIP OF THE TIN-CAN TOP HAT TO LUCY CASWELL OF OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY'S CARTOON RESEARCH LIBRARY, NICHOLSON BAKER OF THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER REPOSITORY, HARRY KATZ OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS AND ROBERT BYRD OF THE DUKE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY FOR DEVOTING THEMSELVES TO THEIR AWESOME REPOSITORIES AND FOR RUM-MAGING THROUGH THEIR RARITIES FOR THIS PROJECT.

THE AUTHOR IS INDEBTED TO GREG CAPTAIN FOR AIMING HIM AT A WORK-ABLE FORMAT FOR THIS ODD BOOK. DITTO TO KURT HOFFMAN, JANICE YU, JESSE FUCHS, AND ANNIE SIMPSON FOR PRODUCTION/EDITORIAL AID.

AND BROADSHEET-SCALE GRATITUDE TO PETER MARESCA AND TO BILL BLACKBEARD FOR GENEROUSLY SHARING THEIR KNOWLEDGE AS WELL AS THEIR SINGULAR COLLECTIONS OF RARE OLD COMICS.



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Weather Forecast: SHOWERS.
First Where Best Known.

The American News Company's records show that The World's regular paid New York City circulation is tens of thousands a day greater than that of any other paper.

See Auction Sales, page 12.

"Circulation Books Open to All."

VOL. XLII. NO. 14,631.

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NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1901.

PRICE (TWO CENTS outside of Greater New York and Jersey City and on trains LONG DIST. IN Greater New York and Jersey City.)

PRESIDENT'S WOUND REOPENED; SLIGHT CHANGE FOR WORSE

EMMA GOLDMAN IN JAIL CHARGED WITH CONSPIRACY.

Caught Hiding in a Chicago Flat and Taken to Police Headquarters—A Warrant Is Served Formally Accusing Her of Plotting to Murder President McKinley.

VEHEMENTLY DENIES THAT SHE INSPIRED CZOLGOSZ.

Anarchist Queen Declares She Met Him Only Once and Then Only for a Moment—Makes a Detailed Statement Covering Her Movements for the Last Two Months.

(Special to The World.)

CHICAGO, Sept. 10.—Emma Goldman was arrested at 51 o'clock this morning in a flat at No. 203 Sheffield avenue. When confronted by the police she denied her identity, but when her name was discovered on a fountain pen she laughed and said: "It was just contemplating giving myself up."

After she had been taken to Police Headquarters Capt. Collier, Chief of Detectives, served a warrant on Miss Goldman, charging her with conspiracy to murder the President. The warrant was sworn to by Capt. Collier.

It gives as her co-conspirators Abraham Isaacs, Maurice Isaacs, Clement Pfeiffer, Hippolyte Havel, Henry Travels, Alfred Schneider, Julia Mechem, Marie Isaacs and Marie Isaacs, Jr. All except Miss Goldman were arrested several days ago. The women were allowed to go, but the men were held without bail and are now in jail.

"Whether Emma Goldman is guilty of conspiracy is not yet determined," said Chief of Police O'Neill tonight. "She answered all questions voluntarily, and volunteered much information, but disclosed nothing to indicate that she was an accessory before the fact. Three arrests show that authorities have been quite sure, much more so than has been suggested. Miss Goldman's baggage, a suit case and a small match, contained nothing incriminating. We have broken up a band of anarchists, and are still working on the conspiracy theory."

At a conference in the office of Chief of Police O'Neill held this morning the police officers who are held by the police in the belief that they have knowledge of a plot. Those present at the meeting besides Chief O'Neill were Dr. H. S. Taylor, City Prosecutor, Assistant City Prosecutor Owens, Capt. Collier and Attorney Leopold Sautel, who represented the anarchists.

Attorney Sautel represented that he did not believe there was sufficient ground for keeping his clients in custody and asked for their release on bail. Chief O'Neill explained that he had received an imperative request from the authorities at Buffalo to hold the anarchists in custody, and that he could not agree to a request for bail under any circumstances. Sautel offered to furnish bonds in almost any sum, but Chief O'Neill was firm.

After the conference Attorney Sautel stated that he would commence proceedings to obtain the release of his clients by written habeas corpus. C. G. Norris, who occupies the flat where Miss Goldman was caught, also will be indicted for conspiracy, Chief O'Neill declared. The Chief believes the man was aiding Miss Goldman to escape.

Norris, the Buffalo hotel-keeper whose house shared Chicago, is now in this city. It is said he was brought here by the police to identify, if possible, Emma Goldman as a woman who stopped at his hotel with Czolgosz a few days before the attempted murder of the President.

STORY OF THE ARREST OF ANARCHIST QUEEN.

(Special to The World.)

CHICAGO, Sept. 10.—Miss Goldman arrived in Chicago Sunday morning, registered in a downtown hotel under an assumed name, and yesterday engaged a room in the Sheffield avenue flat.

C. G. Norris, who owns the flat, was taken into custody. An hour before the woman's arrest the Chief of Police received from a source outside the department news regarding her whereabouts. Capt. Schuyler, a famous anarchist-hunter of the Haymarket days, was in the office.

The building is within the shadow of the Sheffield Avenue flat, and contains three flats. In the top flat, where the information, the queen of Anarchy was hiding.

Denied Her Identity.

"You are not, and what do you want?" she asked.

"We are policemen and we want you," she answered.

"I am not Miss Goldman; my name is Theresa, and I am Russian," she said.

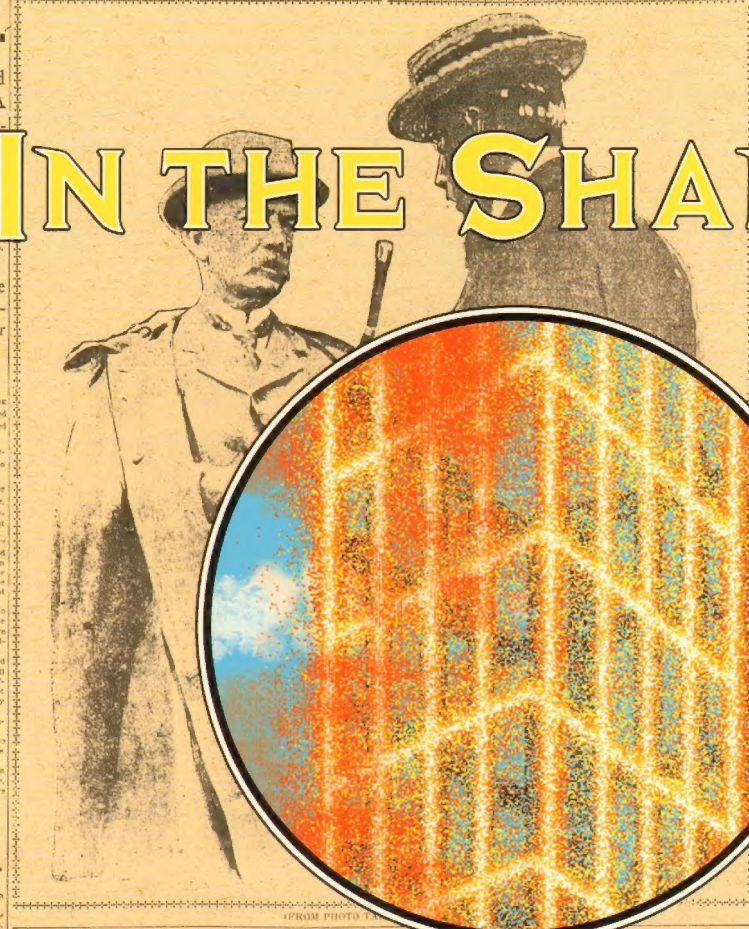
Schuyler, who had been examining the woman, said: "You are not Russian, you are an anarchist."

"I am not an anarchist," she said.

"You are an anarchist," he said.

"I am not an anarchist," she said.

DR. CHARLES M'BURNEY DISCUSSING THE PRESIDENT'S CASE IMMEDIATELY AFTER COMING FROM THE MILBURN HOUSE.



PROF. MAZZONI, THE POPE'S SURGEON, THINKS SECOND BULLET WILL HAVE TO BE REMOVED.

Prof. Mazzoni, the Pope's surgeon, thinks the second bullet will have to be removed. He is the most famous surgeon of Europe and has for many years, with Dr. Inguen, been at the head of the Pope's medical staff. About eight months ago he performed a difficult and dangerous operation upon his distinguished patient, who suffered from a tumor in the neck.

MRS. MCKINLEY KNOWS ABOUT THE SHOOTING NOW; SHOWS SUCH COURAGE THAT PRESIDENT IS CHBERED.

Mrs. McKinley knows about the shooting now; she shows such courage that the President is cheered. She is the wife of the President and is known for her bravery and composure in the face of adversity. She has been a source of strength and support for the President throughout his presidency.

Surgeons Remove Several Stitches

cause of Slight Irritation Due Presence of a Fragment of Mr. McKinley's Coat, Carried Into the Wound by the Bullet, but They Declare Patient's Condition Is Unchanged in All Important Particulars.

LATEST OFFICIAL BULLETIN.

MILBURN HOUSE, BUFFALO, Sept. 10.—10.30 P. M.—The condition of the President is unchanged in all important particulars. His temperature 100.6; pulse, 114; respiration, 28. When the operation was done on Friday last it was noted that the bullet had carried with it a short piece beneath the skin a fragment of the President's coat. This foreign material was, of course, removed, BUT A SLIGHT IRRITATION OF THE SKIN WAS PRODUCED, THE EVIDENCE OF WHICH HAS APPEARED ONLY TO-NIGHT. It has been necessary on account of this slight irritation to remove a few stitches and partially open the skin wound.

Incident cannot give rise to other complications. It is communicated to the public, as the President in attendance wish to make their bulletins frank.

In consequence of this separation of the edges of the wound the healing of the same will be delayed.

President is now well enough to begin to permit punishment by the mouth in the form of pure food.

(Signed) P. H. RIXEY, M. D. MAIN, ROSWELL PARK, HERMAN MYNTER, CHARLES M'BURNEY.

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, Secretary to the President.

Buffalo, Sept. 10.—Midnight.—The bulletin issued at 10.30 P. M. printed above marks the most important development.

It was known that something unusual had occurred when the customary 11 o'clock bulletin did not make its appearance and the consultation physicians continued. They remained at the Milburn house for an hour and a half.

Dr. McBurney was there, having decided to postpone his departure. It was announced that he may not leave Buffalo before Wednesday morning.

When the physicians left the house they declared that no unexpected complications had occurred.

"No OTHER COMPLICATIONS."

The surgeons seek to utter all apprehensions by the positive statement that this incident cannot give rise to other complications. They say only effect will be to slightly delay the healing of the wound.

The bulletin added, reasonably, that Mr. McKinley had been able to swallow a little beef tea—the first time he has taken food in the normal way since the shooting.

The President's brother, Abram McKinley, was in the house while surgeons were at work. With him were Secretary of War Root, Secretary of the Navy, John G. Millard and Harry Hamilton, who has been temporarily Governor of Ohio.

In connection with to-night's developments it is explained that the opening of the outer wound did not affect the two inner wounds, one from and one in back, from which the President is suffering.

While the last bulletin is true, no great importance need be attached to it. An anxiety need not be felt on its account. The bulletin was simply issued to put the facts frankly before the public. We are now returned to the house.

"I am satisfied," said Mr. Cortelyou, in reply to further questions.

art spiegelman

THE SKY IS FALLING!

ITEND TO BE EASILY UNHINGED. Minor mishaps—a clogged drain, running late for an appointment—send me into a sky-is-falling tizzy. It's a trait that can leave one ill-equipped for coping with the sky when it actually falls. Before 9/11 my traumas were all more or less self-inflicted, but out-running the toxic cloud that had moments before been the north tower of the World Trade Center left me reeling on that faultline where World History and Personal History collide—the intersection my parents, Auschwitz survivors, had warned me about when they taught me to always keep my bags packed.

It took a long time to put the burning towers behind me. Personal history aside, zip codes seemed to have something to do with the intensity of response. Long after uptown New Yorkers resumed their daily jogging in Central Park, those of us living in Lower Manhattan found our neighborhood transformed into one of those suburban gated communities as we flashed IDs at the police barriers on 14th Street before being allowed to walk home. Only when I traveled to a university in the Midwest in early October 2001 did I realize that *all* New Yorkers were out of their minds compared to those for whom the attack was an abstraction. The assault on the Pentagon confirmed that the carnage in New York City was indeed an attack on America, not one more skirmish on foreign soil. Still, the small town I visited in Indiana—draped in flags that reminded me of the garlic one might put on a door to ward off vampires—was at least as worked up over a frat house's zoning violations as with threats from "raghead terrorists." It was as if I'd wandered into an inverted version of Saul Steinberg's famous map of America seen from Ninth Avenue, where the known world ends at the Hudson; in Indiana everything east of the Alleghenies was very, very far away.

One of my near-death realizations as the dust first settled on Canal Street was the depth of my affection for the chaotic neighborhood that I can honestly call home. Allegiance to this unmelted nugget in the melting pot is as close as I comfortably get to patriotism. I wasn't able to imagine myself leaving my city for safety in, say, the south of France, then opening my *Herald Tribune* at some café to read that New York City had been turned into radioactive rubble. The realization that I'm actually a "rooted" cosmopolitan is referred to in the fourth of the *No Towers* comix pages that follow, but the unstated epiphany that underlies all the pages is only implied: I made a vow that morning to return to making comix full-time despite the fact that comix can be so damn labor intensive that one has to assume that one will live forever to make them.

In those first few days after 9/11 I got lost constructing conspiracy theories about my government's complicity in what had happened that would have done a Frenchman proud. (My susceptibility for conspiracy goes back a long ways but had reached its previous peak after the 2000 elections.) Only when I heard paranoid Arab Americans blaming it all on the

Jews did I reel myself back in, deciding it wasn't essential to know precisely how much my

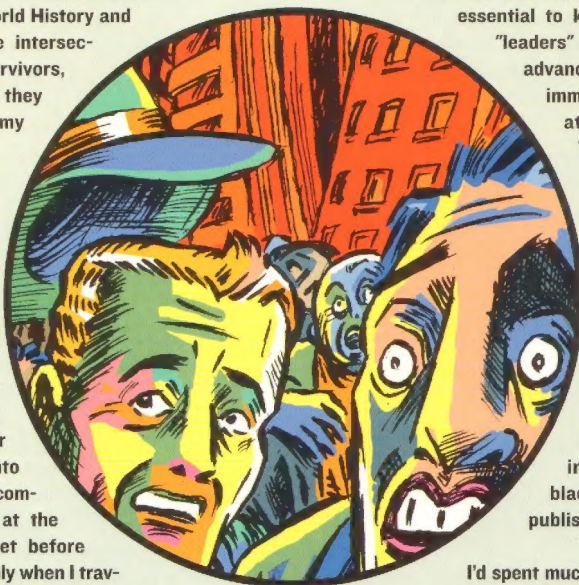
"leaders" knew about the hijackings in advance—it was sufficient that they immediately instrumentalized the attack for their own agenda.

While I was going off the deep end in my studio, my wife, Françoise, was out impersonating Joan of Arc—finding temporary shelter for Tribeca friends who'd been rendered homeless, sneaking into the cordoned-off areas to bring water to rescue workers and even, as art editor of *The New Yorker*, managing to wrest a cover image from me, a black-on-black afterimage of the towers published six days after the attack.

I'd spent much of the decade before the millennium trying to avoid making comix, but from some time in 2002 till September 2003 I devoted myself to what became a series of ten large-scale pages about September 11 and its aftermath. It was originally going to be a weekly series, but many of the pages took me at least five weeks to complete, so I missed even my monthly deadlines. (How did the newspaper cartoonists of the early twentieth century manage it? Was there amphetamine in Hearst's water coolers?) I'd gotten used to channeling my modest skills into writing essays and drawing covers for *The New Yorker*. Like some farmer being paid to not grow wheat, I reaped the greater rewards that came from letting my aptitude for combining the two disciplines lie fallow.

A restlessness with *The New Yorker* that predated 9/11 grew as the magazine settled back down long before I could. I wanted to make comix—after all, disaster is my muse!—but the magazine's complacent tone didn't seem conducive to communicating hysterical fear and panic. At the beginning of 2002, while I was still taking notes toward a strip, I got a fortuitous offer to do a series of pages on any topic I liked from my friend Michael Naumann, who had recently become the editor and publisher of Germany's weekly broadsheet newspaper, *Die Zeit*. It allowed me to retain my rights in other languages and came complete with a promise of no editorial interference—an offer no cartoonist in his right mind could refuse. Even one in his wrong mind.

The giant scale of the color newsprint pages seemed perfect for oversized skyscrapers and outsized events, and the idea of



THE SKY IS FALLING!

working in single page units corresponded to my existential conviction that I might not live long enough to see them published. I wanted to sort out the fragments of what I'd experienced from the media images that threatened to engulf what I actually saw, and the collagelike nature of a newspaper page encouraged my impulse to juxtapose my fragmentary thoughts in different styles.

The pivotal image from my 9/11 morning—one that didn't get photographed or videotaped into public memory but still remains burned onto the inside of my eyelids several years later—was the image of the looming north tower's glowing bones just before it vaporized. I repeatedly tried to paint this with humiliating results but eventually came close to capturing the vision of disintegration digitally on my computer. I managed to place some sequences of my most vivid memories around that central image but never got to draw others.

I'd hoped to draw the harrowing drive through a panicked city to retrieve our then-nine-year-old son, Dash, from the United Nations School that we thought a likely target that morning and, once we were all reunited, my breaking down in tears that shook my kids up far more than the events that precipitated my sobs.

I intended to do a sequence about my daughter, Nadja, being told to dress in red, white and blue on her first day at the Brooklyn high school she was transferred to while her school in Ground Zero was being used as a triage center. I forbade her to go, ranting that I hadn't raised my daughter to become a goddamn flag; she placated me by explaining she had the perfect jumper for the occasion.

I planned a "terror sex" sequence about the rumors of women patriotically rushing into the wreckage to give comfort to rescue workers at night and noted one Tribeca bachelor friend's wistful observation that those first days were "a really great time for picking up girls." (I responded that I couldn't imagine anything more detumescent than those two 110-story towers collapsing.)

I had anticipated that the shadows of the towers might fade while I was slowly sorting through my grief and putting it into boxes. I hadn't anticipated that the hijackings of September 11 would themselves be hijacked by the Bush cabal that reduced it all to a war recruitment poster. At first, Ground Zero had marked a Year Zero as well. Idealistic peace signs and flower shrines briefly flourished at Union Square, the checkpoint between lower Manhattan and the rest of the city. That was all washed away by the rains and the police as the world hustled forward into our "New Normal." When the government began to move into full dystopian Big Brother mode and hurtle America into a colonialist adventure in Iraq—while doing very little to make America genuinely safer beyond confiscating nail clippers at airports—all the rage I'd suppressed after the 2000 election, all the paranoia I'd barely managed to squelch immediately after 9/11, returned with a vengeance. New traumas began competing with still-fresh wounds and the nature of my project began to mutate.

I'd never wanted to be a political cartoonist. I work too slowly to respond to transient events while they're happening. (It took me 13 years to grapple with World War II in *Maus*!) Besides, nothing has a shorter shelf-life than angry caricatures of politicians, and I'd often harbored notions of working for posterity— notions that seemed absurd after being reminded how ephemeral even skyscrapers and democratic institutions are.

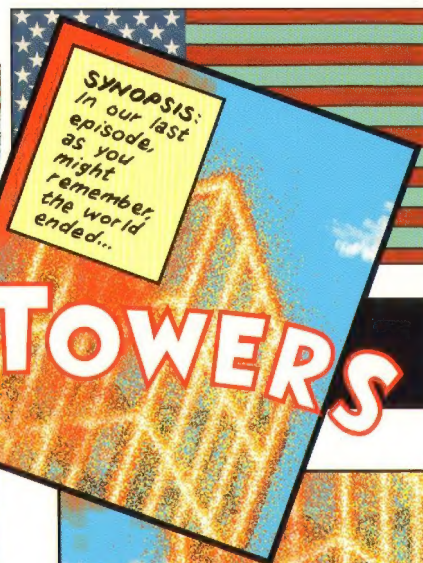
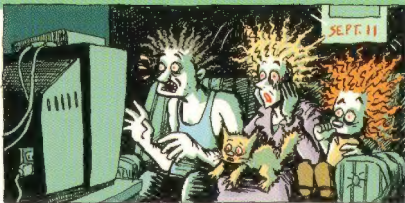
As the series got rolling I found my own "coalition of the willing" to publish it along with *Die Zeit*. Most of the distinguished newspapers and magazines that found a way to accommodate the large format, quirky content and erratic schedule were in the "old Europe"—France, Italy, the Netherlands, England— where my political views hardly seemed extreme. The concept of an overtly partisan press has a lot to recommend it. In America, my reception was decidedly less enthusiastic. Outside the left-leaning alternative press, mainstream publications that had actively solicited work from me (including the *New York Review of Books* and the *New York Times* as well as *The New Yorker*) fled when I offered these pages or excerpts from the series. Only the weekly *Forward*, a small-circulation English-language vestige of the once-proud daily Yiddish broadsheet, enlisted and ran them all prominently. I pointed out to the *Forward's* editor that my pages, unlike the *Maus* pages that they'd once serialized, wouldn't have much specifically Jewish content. Offering me the *Right of Return*, he shrugged and said, "It's okay—you're Jewish."

The climate of discourse in America shifted dramatically just as I concluded the series. What was once unsayable now began to appear outside the marginalized alternative press and late-night cable comedy shows. A profile of me in the Arts section of the *New York Times* in the fall of 2003 even included the very panel of me feeling "equally terrorized" by al-Qaeda and by my own government that had made some editors visibly shudder two years earlier. *Sigh!* It's hard to be an artist who's consistently Seconds Ahead of His Time.

What changed? Basically, America entered its pre-election political season. Free debate is expected as proof of Democracy in action. And though it has been an enormous relief to hear urgent issues get an airing again, I was disappointed that vigorous criticism had been staved off until it could be contained as part of our business as usual. The feelings of dislocation reflected in these *No Towers* pages arose in part from the lack of outcry against the outrages while they were being committed.

Still, time keeps flying and even the New Normal gets old. My strips are now a slow-motion diary of what I experienced while seeking some provisional equanimity—though three years later I'm still ready to lose it all at the mere drop of a hat or a dirty bomb. I still believe the world is ending, but I concede that it seems to be ending more slowly than I once thought . . . so I figured I'd make a book.

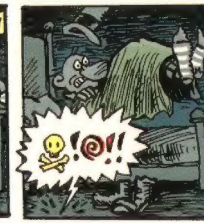
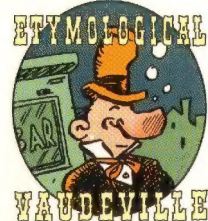
art spiegelman → nyc, Feb 16, 2004



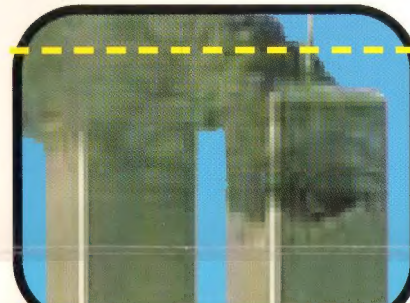
SYNOPSIS:
In our last episode, as you might remember, the world ended...

IN THE SHADOW OF NO TOWERS

REVEALED: 19TH CENTURY SOURCE FOR 21ST CENTURY'S DOMINANT METAPHOR!



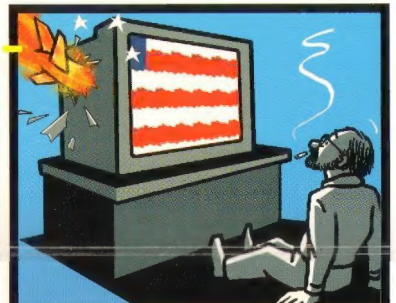
My wife, my daughter and I are rushing from the bomb site. We hear a roar, like a waterfall, and look back. The air smells of death—



Those crumbling towers burned their way into every brain, but I live on the outskirts of Ground Zero and first saw it all live—unmediated.



Maybe it's just a question of scale. Even on a large TV, the towers aren't much bigger than, say, Dan Rather's head...



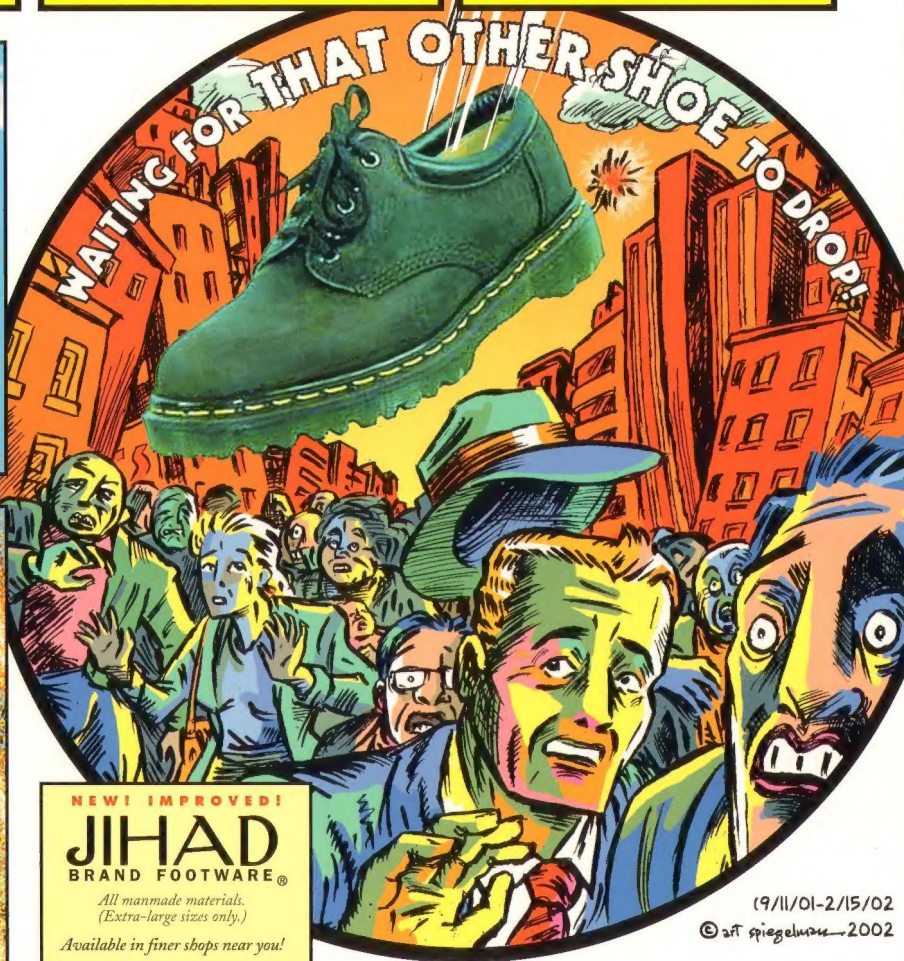
Logos, on the other hand, look enormous on television; it's a medium almost as well suited as comics for dealing in abstractions.



Many months have passed. It's time to move on... I guess I'm finally up to about September 20th.



I still see the glowing tower, *Awesome* as it collapses—



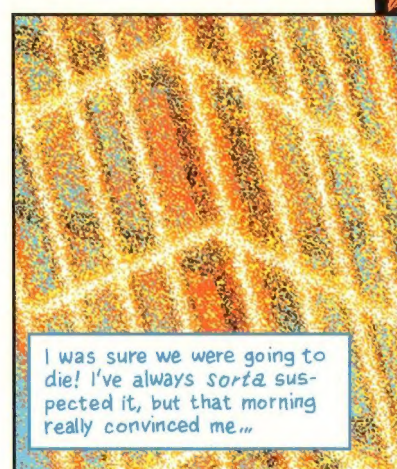
NEW! IMPROVED!
JIHAD
BRAND FOOTWARE®
All manmade materials.
(Extra-large sizes only.)
Available in finer shops near you!

(9/11/01-2/15/02)
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Okay! Let's say it's *NOT* September anymore...

I'm hunched over the drawing table in my Lower Manhattan studio, with my fingers tightly crossed...

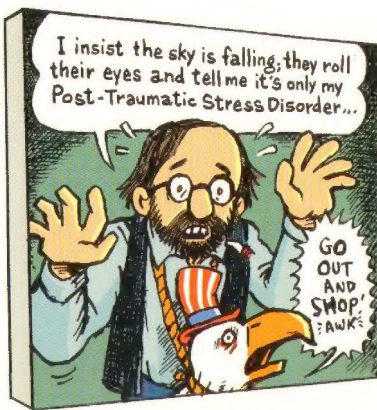
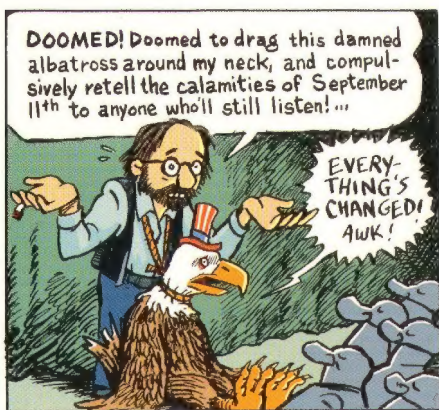


I was sure we were going to die! I've always *sorta* suspected it, but that morning really convinced me...

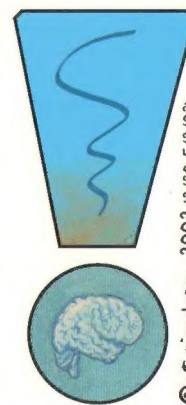
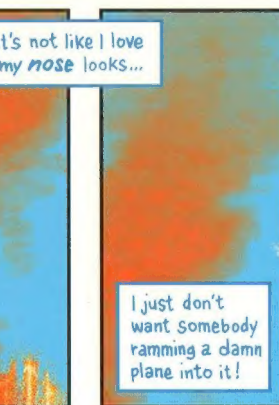
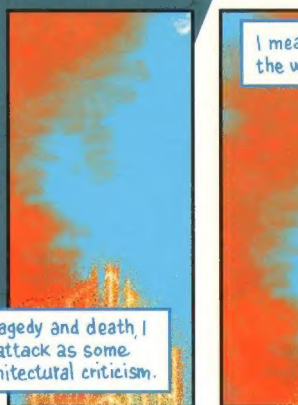
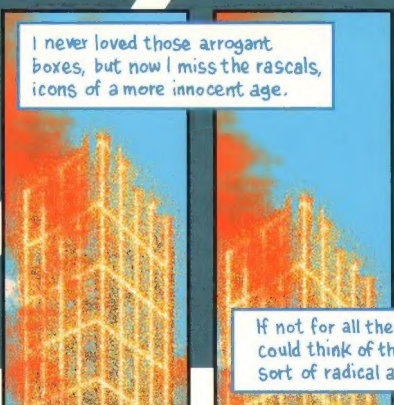
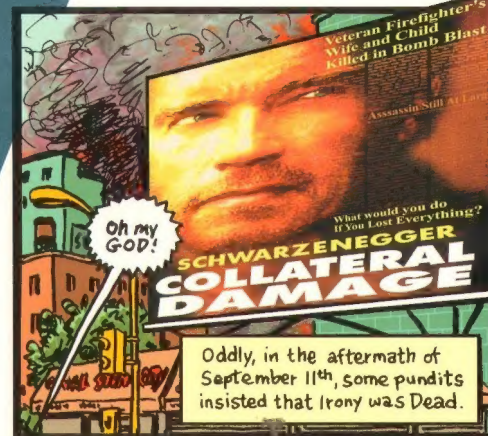
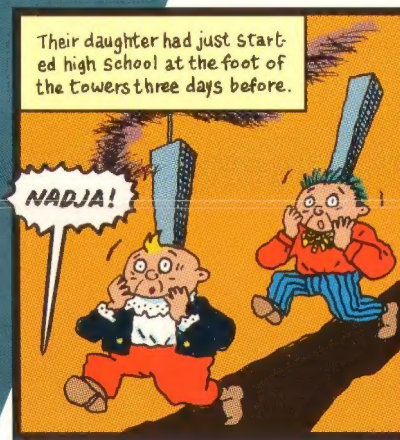


...It's hard to hold a pen this way...

...but I'd feel like such a jerk if a new disaster strikes while I'm still chipping away at the last one...

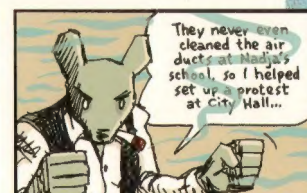
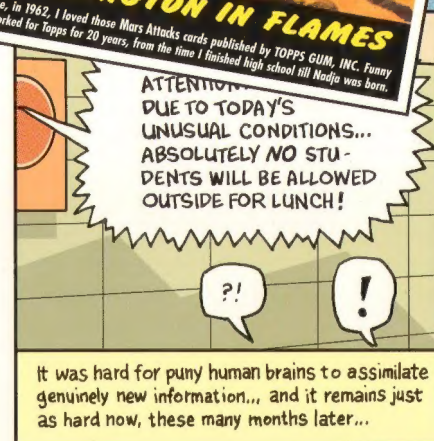
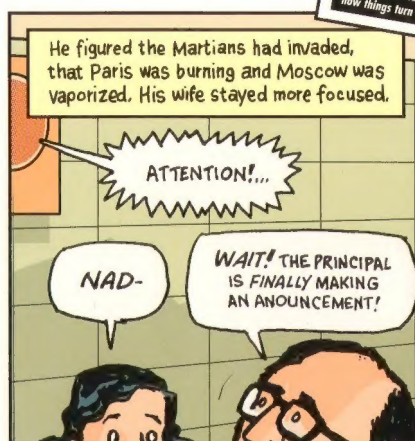
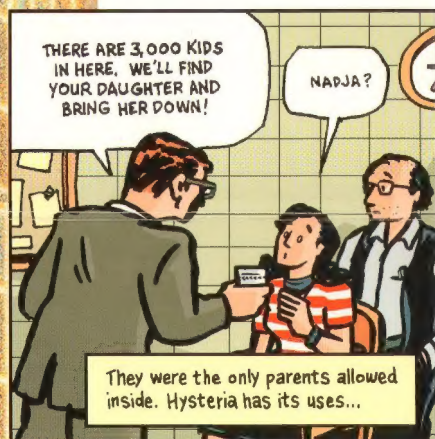
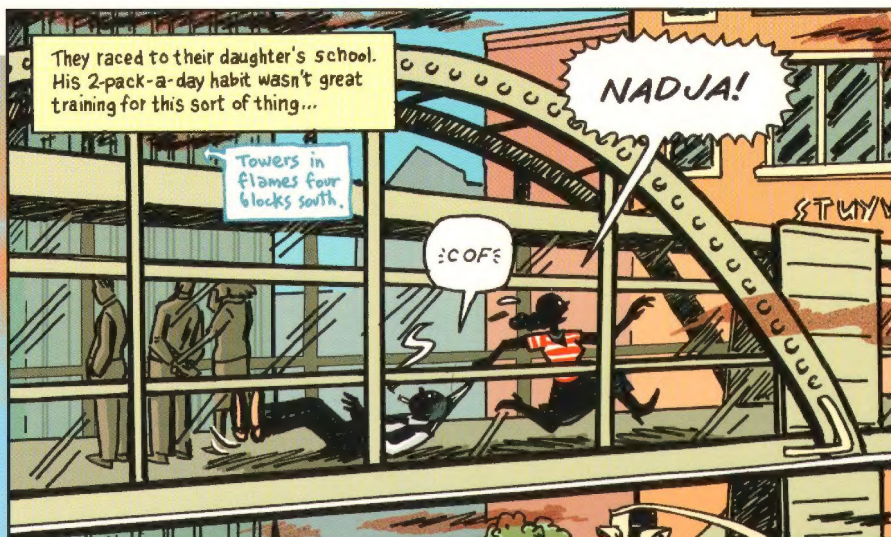


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SYNOPSIS:

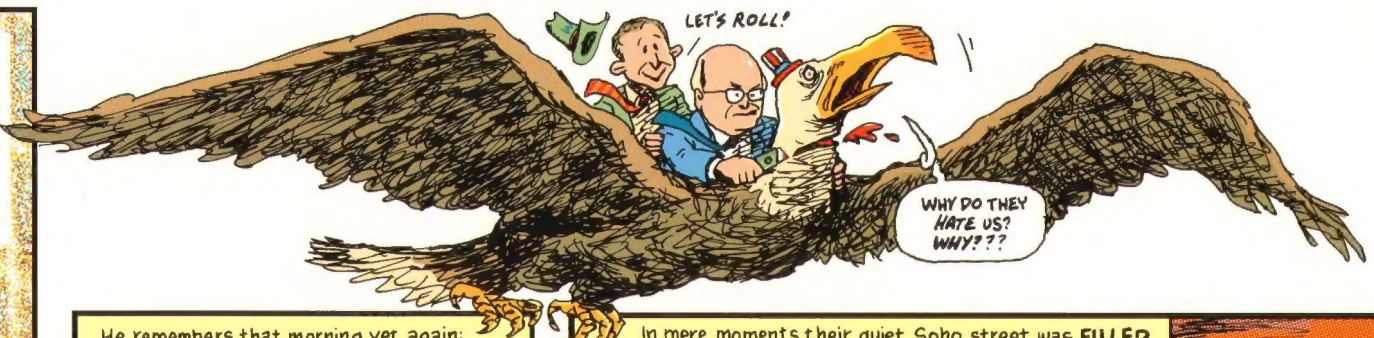
In our last episode, as you might remember, Time stood still. (And maybe it's just as well: last week the artist began describing his September 11th morning and only got up to about 9:15... Considering that it takes him at least a month to complete each page, he should've started this "weekly" series in September 1999 to get it all told by Judgment Day...)



IN THE SHADOW OF NO TOWERS

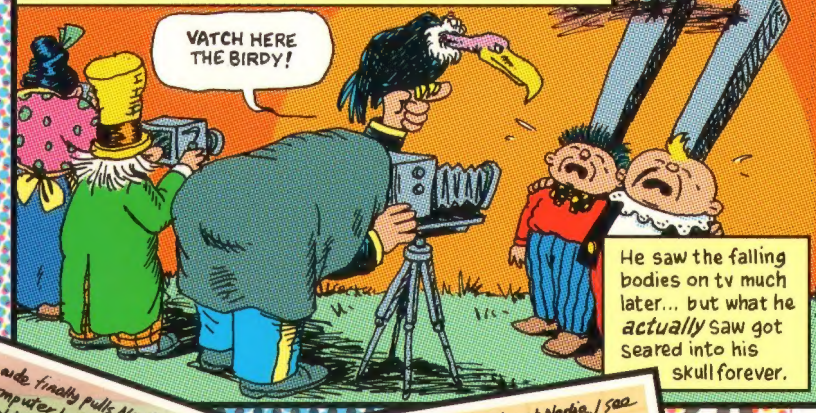
I N T H E S H A D O W O F N O T O W E A S

Our hero is trapped reliving the traumas of Sept. 11, 2001... Unbeknownst to him, brigands suffering from war fever have since hijacked those tragic events...

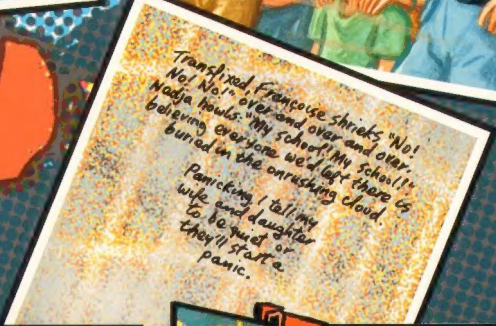
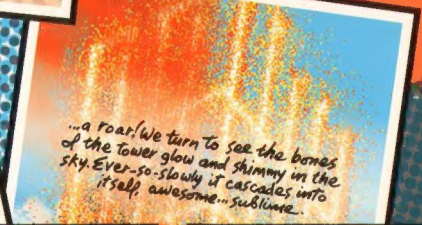
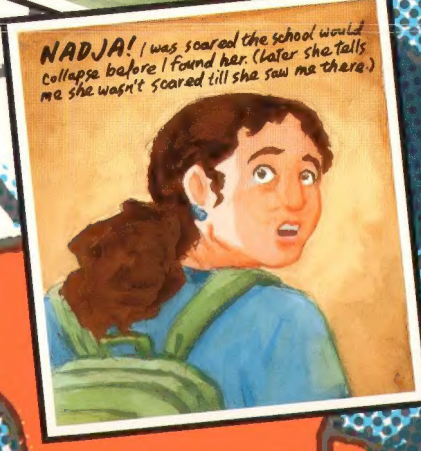


He remembers that morning yet again: Before they decided to rush to their daughter's school below the burning tower...

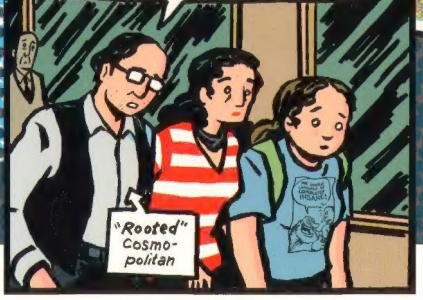
In mere moments their quiet Soho street was FILLED with paparazzi. And camera crews remained on their corner, at the perimeter of Ground Zero, for days after...



His memories swirl and events fade, but he still sees that glowing tower when he closes his eyes.



They walked toward their loft...
Y'KNOW HOW I'VE CALLED MYSELF A "ROOTLESS COSMOPOLITAN," EQUALLY HOMELESS ANYWHERE ON THE PLANET? I WAS WRONG...



I FINALLY UNDERSTAND WHY SOME JEWS DIDN'T LEAVE BERLIN RIGHT AFTER KRISTALLNACHT!



Meanwhile, an anniversary came and went... Many happy returns! (Amazing how time flies while it stands still.)

© art: spiegelman - 2002
8/1/02 to 9/12/02



Leave me alone, Damn it! I'm just trying to comfortably relive my September 11 trauma but you keep interrupting—



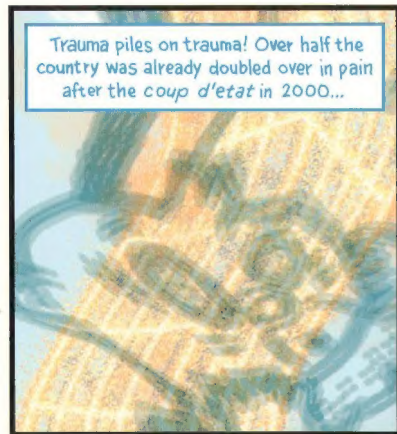
Like that mind-numbing 2002 "anniversary" event, when you tried to wrap a flag around my head and suffocate me!



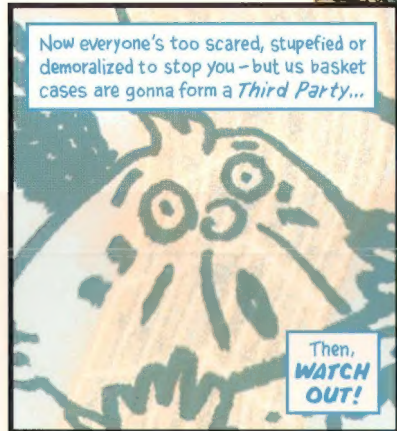
You rob from the poor and give to your pals like a parody of Robin Hood while distracting me with your damn oil war!



Then the recent election—OW! I've gotta shut my eyes and concentrate to still see the glowing bones of those towers...



Trauma piles on trauma! Over half the country was already doubled over in pain after the coup d'etat in 2000...



Now everyone's too scared, stupefied or demoralized to stop you—but us basket cases are gonna form a Third Party...

Then, WATCH OUT!

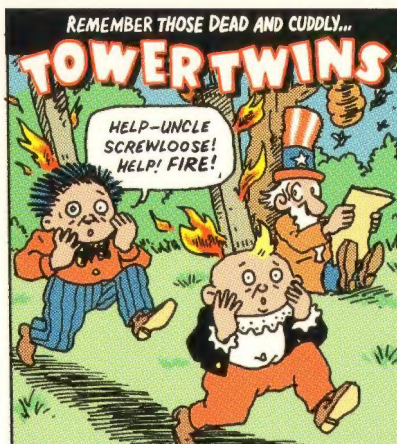


RAMPAGING REPUBLICAN ELEPHANTS... DIMWITTED DEMOCRATIC DONKEYS... NO WONDER REAL AMERICANS DON'T BOTHER TO VOTE! THE TWO PARTY ANIMALS ARE BOTH 19TH CENTURY DINOSAURS, INTERESTED ONLY IN THEIR OWN SURVIVAL, NOT OURS! WE NEED A THIRD PARTY THAT ACTUALLY REPRESENTS US... A NEW AND REVOLUTIONARY

OSTRICH PARTY!

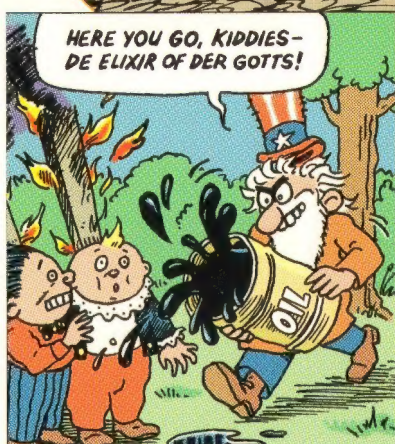
JOIN YOUR FELLOW AMERICANS BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE...
RISE UP & STICK YOUR HEADS IN THE GROUND!

IN THE SHADOW OF TOWERS



REMEMBER THOSE DEAD AND CUDDLY...
TOWERTWINNS

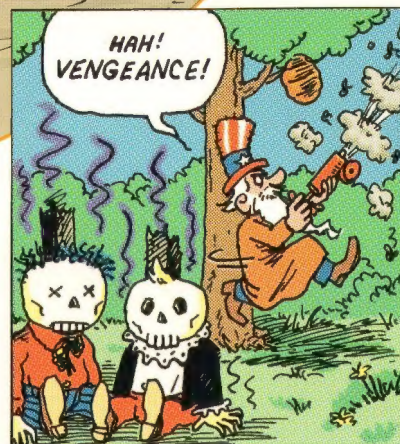
HELP—UNCLE SCREWLOOSE! HELP! FIRE!



HERE YOU GO, KIDDIES—
DE ELIXIR OF DER GOTTS!



G*!! DOD-GASTED PESKY HORNETS!



HAH! VENGEANCE!



DIE! DING-ROTTED HEATHENS!

COFFE NIX, UNK! DER HORNETS HASS FLOWN DER COOP!



AH-HAH! HERE ISS VUN UGLY BUGGER VOT DON'T FLY!!
NOW ISS WAR!

COFFE NIX, UNK! WRONG BUG!



YIKE! DER HORNETS ISS COMINK AGAIN!

UND DEY ISS MADDER NOW DEN EFFER!



HA! STOOPID BUGGERS! STING AGAIN DOSE NOO YORK SMART ALECKERS, UND SEE IF I CARE!!!

YIE!

He keeps falling through the holes in his head, though he no longer knows which holes were made by Arab terrorists way back in 2001, and which ones were *always* there...



He is haunted now by the images he *didn't* witness...

images of people tumbling to the streets below...

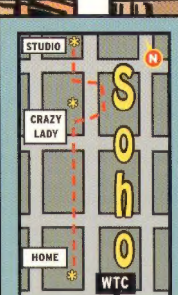
especially one man (according to a neighbor) who executed a graceful Olympic dive as his last living act.



But in the economic dislocation that has followed since that day, he has witnessed *lots* of people landing in the streets of Manhattan.



Even during the Giuliani years, when the homeless all magically "disappeared," I had my Crazy Lady...



I saw her daily on the short walk between my home and studio.



She spent her days compulsively reorganizing the neat piles of salvaged garbage she slept on, and incoherently cursing passersby!

I always had to brace myself to pass her gauntlet of incoherent invective.

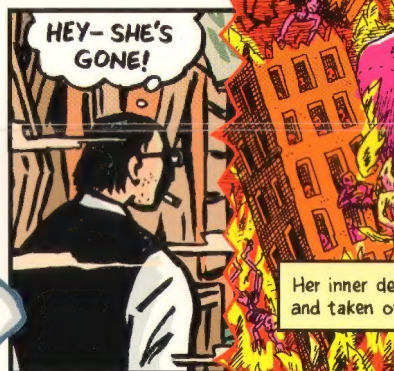


I eventually realized she was hurling antisemitic epithets at me in Russian.



We weren't exactly *friends* but—aside from the time she was hauled away for assaulting a black woman—she was always there for me...

...until the afternoon of 9/11. After we finally got home I staggered through the desolate streets to my studio...



Her inner demons had broken loose and taken over our shared reality...



Aside from the relentless sirens and jets, my neighborhood was a ghost town the next morning...



I braced myself for her usual abuse, but everything had changed after September 11!

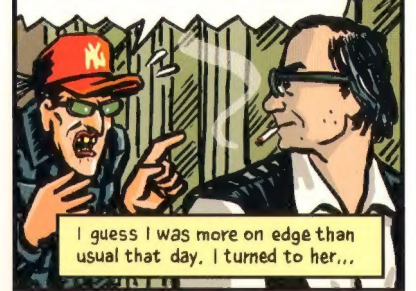


Now she was cursing me in *ENGLISH*!

DIRTY JEW! WE'LL HANG YOU FROM THE LAMP POSTS, ONE BY ONE!

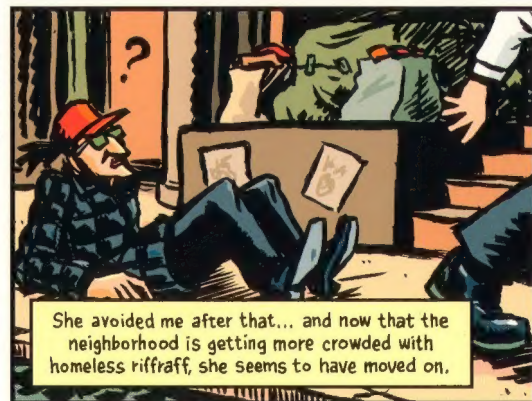


YOU HEAR ME, JEW? ONE BY ONE!!



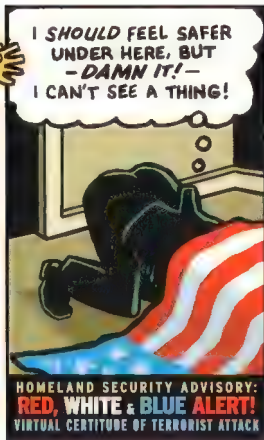
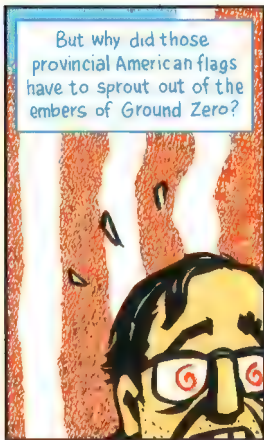
I guess I was more on edge than usual that day. I turned to her...

DAMN IT, LADY! IF YOU DON'T STOP BLAMING EVERYTHING ON THE JEWS, PEOPLE ARE GONNA THINK YOU'RE *CRAZY*!

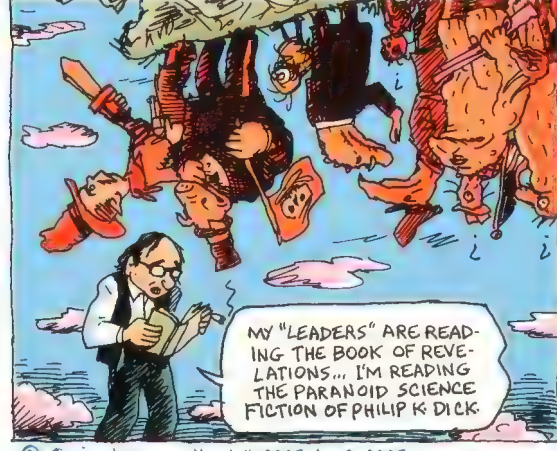
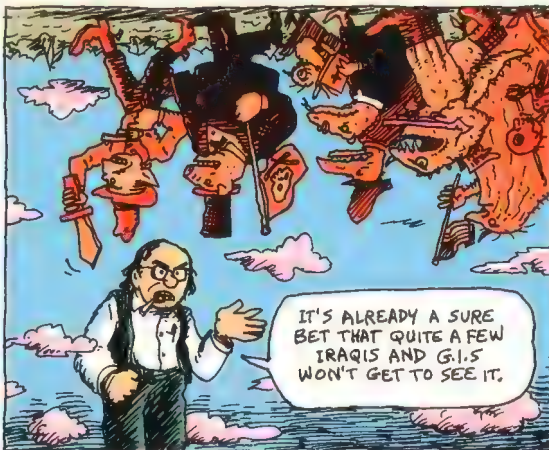
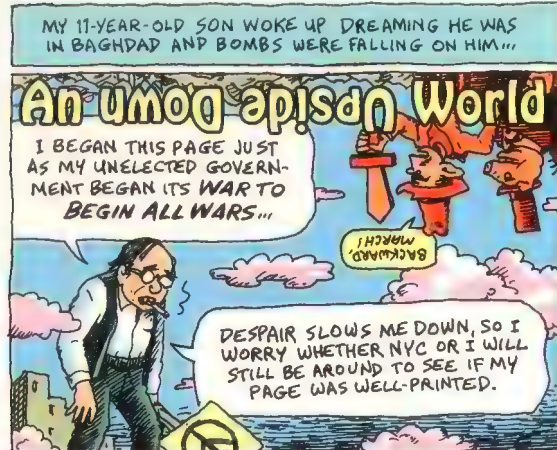
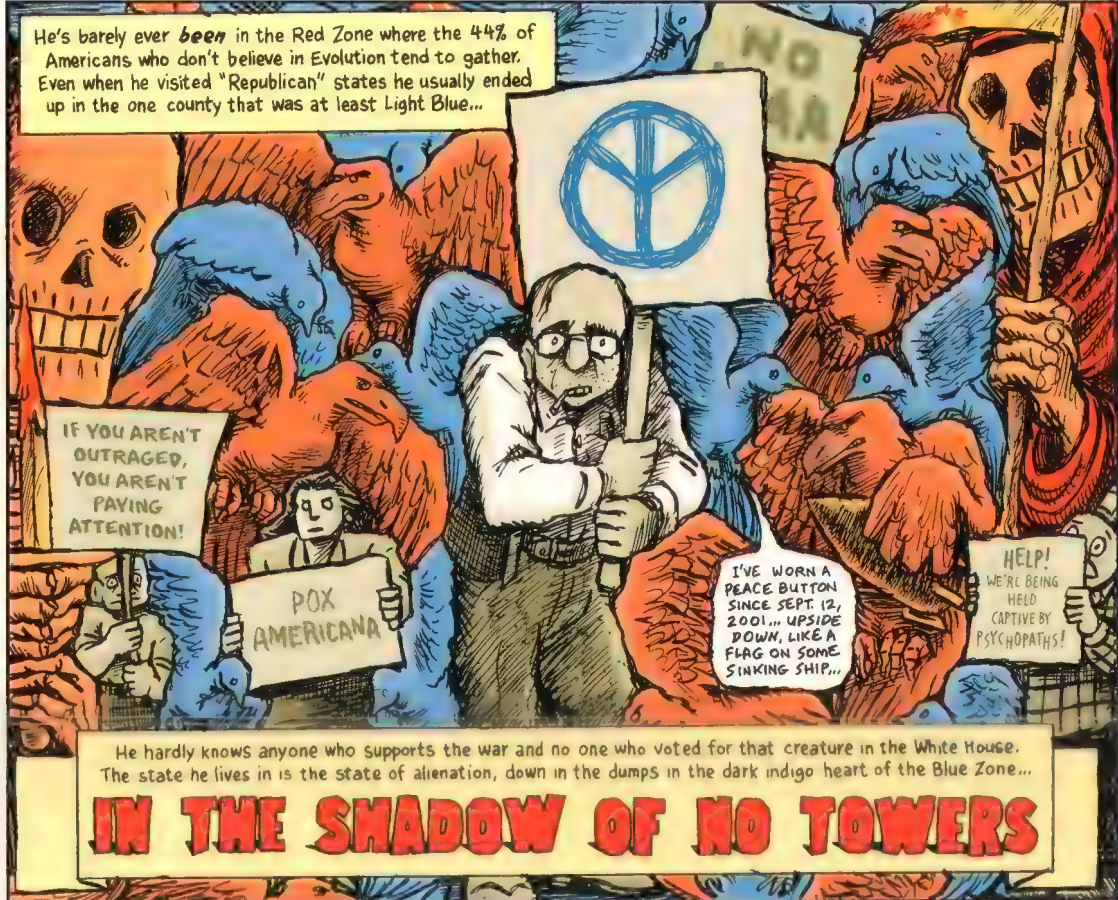


She avoided me after that... and now that the neighborhood is getting more crowded with homeless riffraff, she seems to have moved on.

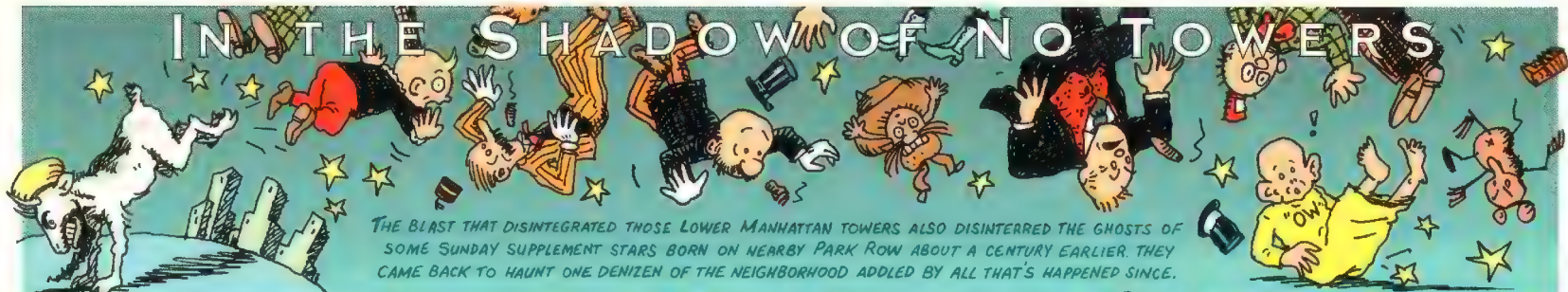




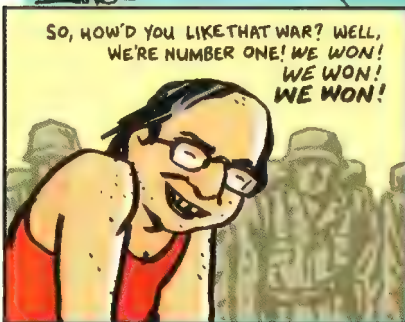
The stars & stripes are a symbol of unity that many people see as a war banner. The detailed county-by-county map of the 2000 election—the one that put the loser in office—made it clear that we're actually a nation **UNDER TWO FLAGS!**



IN THE SHADOW OF NO TOWERS



THE BLAST THAT DISINTEGRATED THOSE LOWER MANHATTAN TOWERS ALSO DISINTERRED THE GHOSTS OF SOME SUNDAY SUPPLEMENT STARS BORN ON NEARBY PARK ROW ABOUT A CENTURY EARLIER. THEY CAME BACK TO HAUNT ONE DENIZEN OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD ADDLED BY ALL THAT'S HAPPENED SINCE.



SO, HOW'D YOU LIKE THAT WAR? WELL, WE'RE NUMBER ONE! WE WON! WE WON! WE WON!



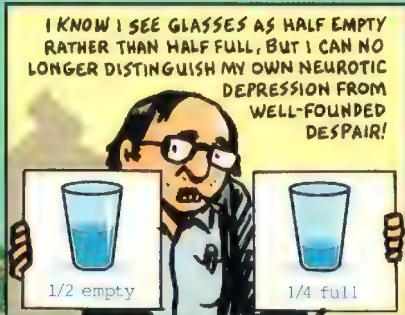
RAH! RAH! RAH! WHO'S THE BIGGEST?! WHOSE IS BIGGEST?!?!?



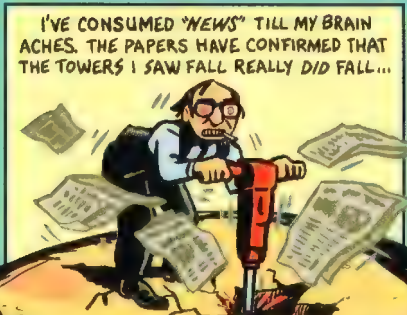
RAH! RAH!! BLAAH!



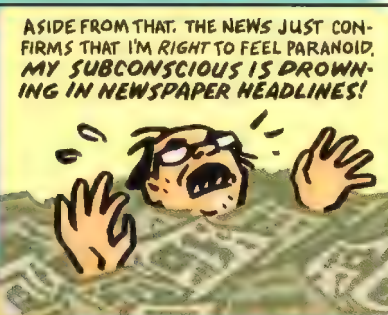
I CAN'T SEEM TO GET WITH THE PROGRAM... IF I WON ANYTHING, I SUPPOSE IT GOT LOST IN THE MAIL!



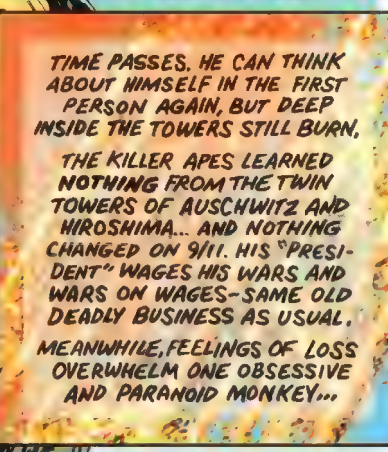
I KNOW I SEE GLASSES AS HALF EMPTY RATHER THAN HALF FULL, BUT I CAN NO LONGER DISTINGUISH MY OWN NEUROTIC DEPRESSION FROM WELL-FOUNDED DESPAIR!



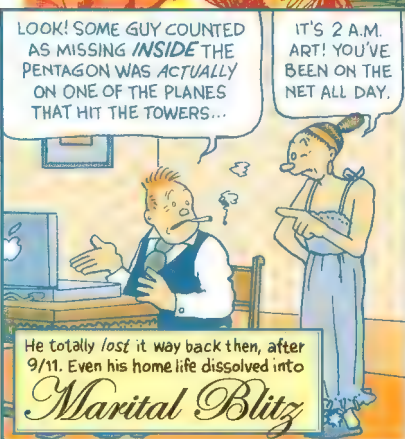
I'VE CONSUMED 'NEWS' TILL MY BRAIN ACES. THE PAPERS HAVE CONFIRMED THAT THE TOWERS I SAW FALL REALLY DID FALL...



ASIDE FROM THAT, THE NEWS JUST CONFIRMS THAT I'M RIGHT TO FEEL PARANOID. MY SUBCONSCIOUS IS DROWNING IN NEWSPAPER HEADLINES!



TIME PASSES. HE CAN THINK ABOUT HIMSELF IN THE FIRST PERSON AGAIN, BUT DEEP INSIDE THE TOWERS STILL BURN. THE KILLER APES LEARNED NOTHING FROM THE TWIN TOWERS OF AUSCHWITZ AND HIROSHIMA... AND NOTHING CHANGED ON 9/11. HIS "PRESIDENT" WAGES HIS WARS AND WARS ON WAGES—SAME OLD DEADLY BUSINESS AS USUAL. MEANWHILE, FEELINGS OF LOSS OVERWHELM ONE OBSESSIVE AND PARANOID MONKEY...



LOOK! SOME GUY COUNTED AS MISSING *INSIDE* THE PENTAGON WAS ACTUALLY ON ONE OF THE PLANES THAT HIT THE TOWERS...

IT'S 2 A.M. ART! YOU'VE BEEN ON THE NET ALL DAY.

He totally *lost* it way back then, after 9/11. Even his home life dissolved into *Marital Blitz*



BUT DONCHA GET IT? THIS *PROVES* THE PENTAGON WAS IN ON THE ATTACK!

COME TO BED, YOU'RE GONNA GET NEWS POISONING!



SIGHS: I GUESS I CAN WATCH SOME CNN...

AN ARAB AMERICAN SPOKESMAN CLAIMS THAT NO JEWS WERE IN THE TOWERS THAT MORNING.

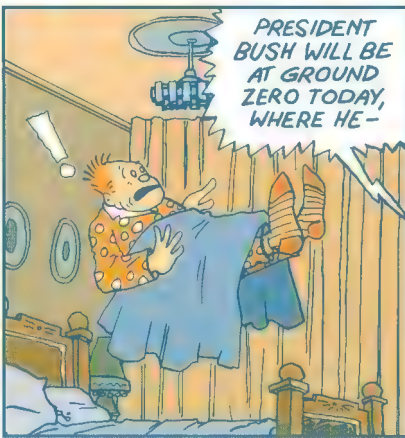


Y'CLEARLY NO ARAB HAD THE KNOW-HOW TO FLY INTO—

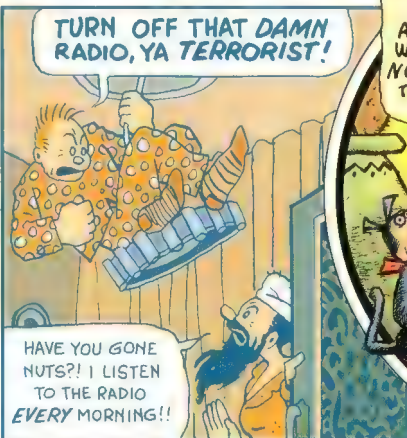
BAH! THE PARANOID PUTZ!



ZZZZZ



PRESIDENT BUSH WILL BE AT GROUND ZERO TODAY, WHERE HE—



TURN OFF THAT DAMN RADIO, YA TERRORIST!

HAVE YOU GONE NUTS?! I LISTEN TO THE RADIO EVERY MORNING!!



FREEDOM'S JUST ANOTHER WORD FOR NOTHIN' LEFT TO LOSE...

I THOUGHT I'D LOSE MY LIFE ON 9/11... I LOST MY MIND SOON AFTER, AND LOST MY LAST SPECK OF FAITH IN THE U.S.A. WHEN THIS CABAL TOOK OVER—I GUESS THIS REALLY IS THE LAND O' TH' FREE!

NYC OUT OF NYC

SO LOSE THAT CIGARETTE, MISCREANT!

I saw stunned pigeons sitting listlessly on the pavement in lower Manhattan for days after the explosions on 9/11. It's almost two years later, and most New Yorkers seem to have picked up the rhythms of daily life... but right under the surface, we're all still just a bunch of stunned pigeons...



(Overheard at a Tribeca party, 11/3/01...)

I WAS WALKING BACK TO MY PLACE ON AVENUE C LAST NIGHT...



SOME GUY CAME UP FROM BEHIND ME AND PULLED OUT A KNIFE!



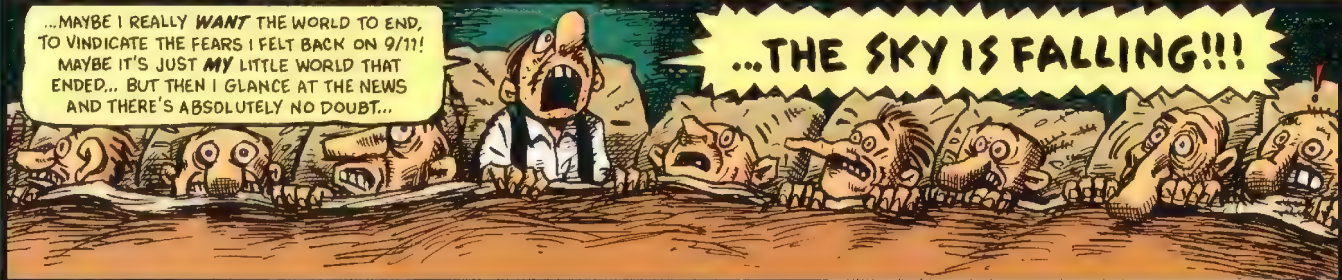
HE SLAMMED ME AGAINST A BRICK WALL, GRABBED MY HANDBAG AND RAN OFF!



I WAS, LIKE, 5000 RELIEVED!... THINGS ARE FINALLY GETTING BACK TO NORMAL!



...MAYBE I REALLY WANT THE WORLD TO END, TO VINDICATE THE FEARS I FELT BACK ON 9/11! MAYBE IT'S JUST MY LITTLE WORLD THAT ENDED... BUT THEN I GLANCE AT THE NEWS AND THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO DOUBT...



WEAPONS OF MASS DISPLACEMENT

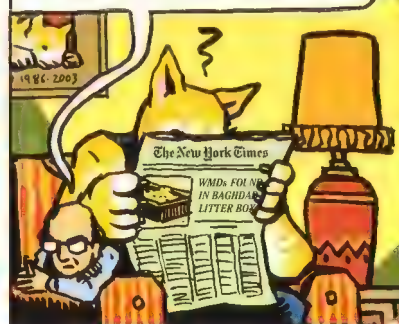
ZAZOU, OUR 17 YEAR OLD CAT, DIED RECENTLY... WE ADOPTED THIS L'il GUY 'CUZ HE LOOKS A BIT LIKE HIM!



CALL IT A BENIGN FORM OF "DISPLACEMENT," IN A MORE SINISTER FORM, IT'S AMERICA'S LATEST CRAZE. LIKE, REMEMBER HOW WE DEMOLISHED IRAQ INSTEAD OF AL-QAEDA...



THE N.Y. TIMES DISPLACES ITS GUILT FOR PRINTING THE PENTAGON'S LETHAL FICTIONS ABOUT IRAQI NUKES AS FACT... THEN BEATS ITSELF UP IN A 7000 WORD APOLOGY FOR SOME MINOR JOURNALIST'S PATTERN OF INCONSEQUENTIAL LIES!



THE ARCHITECTS OF ARMAGEDDON

COLLECTORS' CARD DECK

"My Little Pigeon Shall Fly From There"



...AND NEW YORK'S APPROPRIATE ANXIETY ABOUT THE TOXINS RELEASED INTO OUR AIR ON 9/11 IS DISPLACED BY OUR 108th! MAYOR PASSING A LAW AGAINST SMOKING IN BARS!



CHENEY'S CROOKED HALLIBURTON PALS GET REWARDED THE ENRON GANG PULLS OFF ONE OF THE BIGGEST HEISTS IN HISTORY... AND MARTHA STEWART TAKES THE RAP??!



SHIT! THIS GANG IN POWER GETS ME SO DAMN MAD I COULD SCREAM!



DISCLAIMER: NO CREATURES, OTHER THAN THE ARTIST, WERE ABUSED IN THE CREATION OF THIS STRIP.

COLLECT THE SET BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

ARMAGEDDON: THE ARCHITECTS OF ARMAGEDDON
AUGUST 2001
PUBLISHED BY
S&P.



In the Shadow of No Towers

Nothing like commemorating an event to help you forget it.

September 11, 2001, was a *memento mori*, an end to Civilization As We Knew It. By 2003 Genuine Awe has been reduced to the mere "Shock and Awe" of jingoistic strutting.

I CAN STILL VIVIDLY REMEMBER THE HORRORS OF GROUND ZERO ON SEPTEMBER 11... 2002!



I WAS AN EYEWITNESS TO THE BOMBARDMENT OF KITSCH ON SALE THAT DAY... AND I ALMOST BECAME A PARTICIPANT!



A HAPPY HOOLIGAN INTERVIEWED ON TVETEE...

HEY, LOOKIT THIS FAX!



NBC IS BROADCASTING A 9/11 "CONCERT FOR AMERICA" FROM WASHINGTON, D.C....



BUSH AND LAURA WILL BE SPEAKING; PLACIDO DOMINGO IS GONNA PERFORM.



AND TOM BROKAW WANTS YOU IN A COLLAGE OF INTERVIEWS WITH TYPICAL NEW YORKERS.



YEEESH! TOSS IT OUT, QUICK!



NO. YOU GOTTA DO IT! THIS SEZ THEY'LL ASK ME STUFF LIKE "WHO'S MY FAVORITE AMERICAN HERO!"



GROAN! IT'S HOPELESS!



NOTE: THOUGH HAPPY HOOLIGAN IS A FICTIONAL CHARACTER BORROWED FROM THE FIRST SUNDAY COMICS, THE FOLLOWING INTERVIEW IS 100% NONFICTION

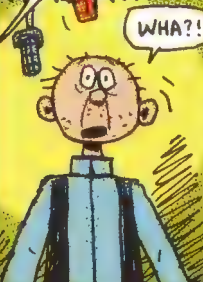
SO - UM - WHERE'S TOM BROKAW?



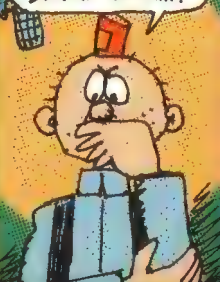
WE SPICE HIM IN LATER. I'LL JUST START A PHRASE, YOU FINISH IT, OK?



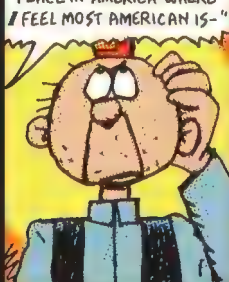
HERE WE GO: "MY FAVORITE AMERICAN FOOD IS..."



UMM... MY FAVORITE AMERICAN FOOD IS... SHRIMP PAD THAI!



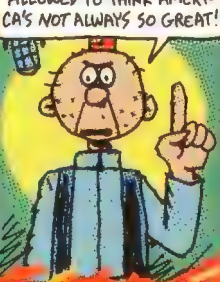
DON'T WORRY - WE CAN EDIT THAT OUT LATER... "THE PLACE IN AMERICA WHERE I FEEL MOST AMERICAN IS..."



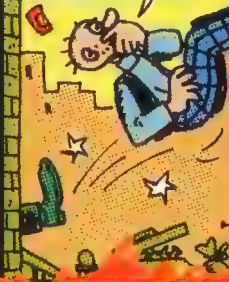
PARIS, FRANCE!



...UH, THAT AS LONG AS YOU'RE NOT AN ARAB YOU'RE ALLOWED TO THINK AMERICA'S NOT ALWAYS SO GREAT!



RATS! I SHOULDA SAID "AMERICAN TOBACCO!"



On 9/11/01 time stopped.



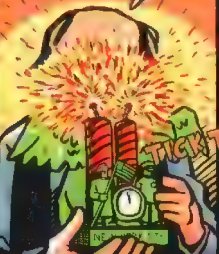
BY 9/12/01 CLOCKS BEGAN TO TICK AGAIN...



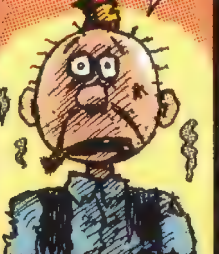
BUT EVERYONE KNEW IT WAS THE TICKING OF A GIANT TIME BOMB.



STILL, EVEN ANXIOUS NEW YORKERS EVENTUALLY RUN OUT OF ADRENALINE AND -



...YOU GO BACK TO THINKING THAT YOU MIGHT LIVE FOREVER AFTER ALL!



THE UNMENTIONABLE ODOUR OF DEATH OFFENDS ON SEPTEMBER 11... "W.H. Auden, 'September 1, 1939'"

Right after 9/11/01, while waiting for some other terrorist shoe to drop, many found comfort in poetry. Others searched for solace in old newspaper comics. On 9/11/03 "the unmentionable odour of death" still offends as we commemorate two years of squandered chances to bring the community of nations together...

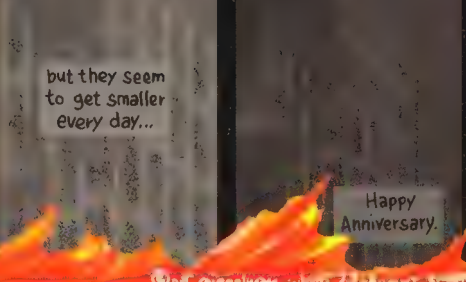


And September '04? Cowboy boots drop on Ground Zero as New York is transformed into a stage set for the Republican Presidential Convention, and Tragedy is transformed into Travesty...

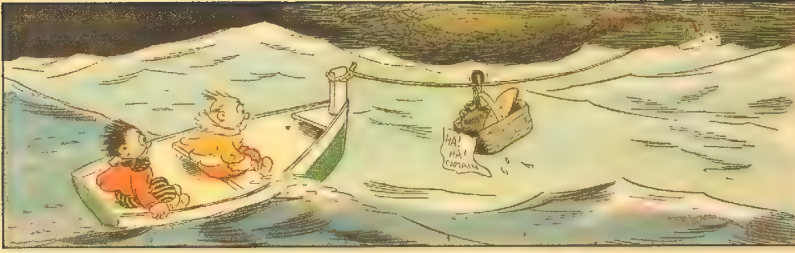
The Towers have come to loom far larger than life...



but they seem to get smaller every day...



Happy Anniversary.



"Right after 9/11/01, while waiting for some other terrorist shoe to drop, many found comfort in poetry. Others searched for solace in old newspaper comics."

—In the Shadow of No Towers, #10

The Comic Supplement

POETRY readings seemed to be as frequent as the sound of police sirens in the wake of September 11—New Yorkers needed poetry to give voice to their pain, culture to reaffirm faith in a wounded civilization. I must have heard W. H. Auden's "September 1, 1939" a dozen times in those weeks, but my mind kept wandering. I found no solace in music of any kind either—it seemed too obscenely exquisite. The only cultural artifacts that could get past my defenses to flood my eyes and brain with something other than images of burning towers were old comic strips: vital, unpretentious ephemera from the optimistic dawn of the 20th century. That they were made with so much skill and verve but never intended to last past the day they appeared in the newspaper gave them poignancy; they were just right for an end-of-the-world moment.



"The blast that disintegrated those Lower Manhattan towers also disintegrated the ghosts of some Sunday supplement stars born on nearby Park Row. They came back to haunt one denizen of the neighborhood, addled by all that's happened since."

—In the Shadow of No Towers, #8

About a hundred years and two blocks away from Ground Zero, Joseph Pulitzer and William Randolph Hearst, the twin titans of modern journalism, gave birth to the newspaper comic strip as a by-product of their fierce circulation war (a competition that led to actual war when their papers inflamed public outrage over what may well have been the accidental sinking of an American ship in Cuba). Their distorted reporting of the Spanish American War—America's first colonialist adventure—would have made Fox News proud. Their sensationalism was dubbed Yellow Journalism and its emblem was the Yellow Kid, America's first newspaper cartoon star.

Pulitzer decided to edify the *New York World's* often uneducated immigrant readership with full-color reproductions of the great masterpieces of world art and developed one of the first color newspaper presses for this purpose. The garish and off-register results weren't up to the task, but the technology was fine for outline drawings with flat colors. So, in 1893, the first Sunday color cartoon supplement entered the world and elbowed out the High Art planned for the masses.

It's hard for our jaded 21st-century eyeballs to gauge the impact of Pulitzer's exuberant splashes of color in a world of gray type, but it was a Big Deal back then (literally as well as figuratively—a 17"x23" free insert in the nickel paper). One recurring feature, Richard Outcault's *HOO-YA'S-A-LEWY* [PLATE II] depicted a gang of street urchins in a Lower Manhattan ghetto. Like a cheerfully sociopathic Hogarth, Outcault drew scenes of political and

social commentary that teemed with brickbat violence, antic animal torture and the gleeful racism of the day. *Hogan's Alley* spotlighted one shanty Irish guttersnipe in a bright yellow nightshirt, a Yellow Kid, whose popularity made him not just the comics' first star but also America's first hot licensing property. The whole enterprise gave Hearst a bad case of supplement-envy and in 1896 he unveiled a rival cartoon section in his *New York Journal*, starting,



Outcault's Yellow Kid! The *Journal* touted its supplement as "Eight Pages of Polychromatic Effulgence That Makes the Rainbow Look Like a Lead Pipe!" Hearst's Kid appeared there as *McFadden's Row of Flats*, while the "original" Yellow Kid continued in Pulitzer's *Alley*, drawn by George Luks (later a noted painter of the Ash Can School), and twin Kids towered over the New York skyline.

In 1897, just as the fickle public tired of their Yellow Kids, Hearst introduced Rudolph Dirks' *KATZENJAMMER KIDS*, Hans and Fritz, into the *Journal*. [See header at top of this page as well as PLATE IV.] Closely modeled on Wilhelm Busch's 19th-century German picture story in rhyme, *Max and Moritz*, the Katzenjammers ushered comics into the 20th century. Dirks was an early adopter or inventor of many of the devices—speech balloons, sweat drops, frantic motion lines—that became the basic lexicon of comics. His pages, the first to consistently feature continuing characters in sequential panels, brought a nihilistic vaudeville (complete with mock German dialect) to his two brats' monomaniacal will to wreak havoc on the adult world. "Mit dose kids," as the strip's bearded trunk officer, the Inspector, succinctly put it, "society is nix!"

When Dirks fled Hearst for Pulitzer in 1914, he continued his strip as *The Captain and the Kids*, while the original twins were masterfully cloned for Hearst by Harold Knerr, who drew the strip for decades under its original title. At the height of WWI's jingoistic fever, Knerr's characters were briefly rechristened *The Shenanigan Kids*, Mike and Alek, foreshadowing the recent American experiment in vindictive euphemism that brought us "Freedom Fries." (Dirks' kids lost their accents during the war and tried to pass for Dutch.) In any case, the little terrorists may well be immortal, still limping along at 107 in a few 21st-century newspapers.

The Katzies inspired a gaggle of direct imitations and offshoots as well as spawning an entire medium. In one bland permutation, "Bunny" Schultz's *Foxy Grandpa* consistently foiled his two grandkids—marginally more socialized pranksters than Hans and Fritz—and made the comic supplement less anxiety provoking for adults disturbed at seeing grown-ups regularly blown up. On one GLORIOUS FOURTH OF JULY IN 1902 [PLATE IV] four cartoonists trapped in Hearst's bullpen collaborated to show Schultz's kids outdone by Dirks' Hans and Fritz: they dynamite Grandpa's patriotic reading of the Declaration of Independence. Injured in the explosion, Alphonse, one of the two pathologically polite Frenchmen created by Frederick Oppen, explains to Gaston: "I detest the Fourth of July!" I tell you, some of those century-old crumbling newspaper pages seem like they were drawn yesterday!

Frederick Burr Opper, the elder statesman among the founding fathers of the comic strip, was already well established as a book illustrator and the star cartoonist of *Puck* magazine when he was lured into the *Journal's* bullpen in 1899 to give it some class. Happily, the class he brought was energetically Lower He quickly absorbed and expanded the emerging language of comics and served up a memorable cast of slapstick characters. The most unfortunate of his now almost forgotten strips was **HAPPY HOOLIGAN** [PLATE V], a Chaplinesque victim *avant le lettre*, whose tin-can hat was once as iconic as Chaplin's Derby. On August 27, 1911, the hapless hobo, described by Opper as "Misfortune's favorite son," trades his tin can in for a turban to become Abdullah Hooligan, a dark-skinned circus clown who provokes his camel and gets tossed into... a tower of acrobats!

Hitting the highly respected Opper was a preemptive act on Hearst's part, designed to stave off the charges of vulgarity, violence and illiteracy that began to be leveled at the new comic supplements a second or two after they were born. Their cardinal sin was that they were *Sunday* supplements—the day kids ought to be in Sunday school studying the Bible, not yukking it up with semiliterate full color lessons in mayhem. Still, the perpetual tug of war between vulgar and genteel culture in America has often been a fruitful one—generating New Orleans whorehouse jazz on the one hand and Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* on the other.

The *Chicago Tribune*, for example, launched Lyonel Feininger's **KINDER KIDS** in 1906 [PLATE I] to appeal to its upscale German immigrant readers as a sophisticated antidote to the coarse Katzenjammers. Feininger's visually poetic formal concerns collided conically with the fishwrap disposability of newsprint, but his unamused editors pulled the plug on the project a few months later. The cartoonist, a New Yorker who had emigrated to Germany at sixteen and returned to safe harbor in America in 1937, became a celebrated second-generation cubist, one of the Bauhaus boys, but his handful of Sunday pages testing the uncharted waters between the high and low arts, between European and American graphic traditions—remains his greatest aesthetic triumph.

The first decade of comics was the medium's Year Zero, that moment of open-ended possibility and giddy disorientation that inevitably gave way to the constraints that came as the form defined itself. One of the most exhilarating anomalies of that topsy-turvy moment was Gustave Verbeek's short-lived **UPSIDE DOWNS OF LITTLE LADY LOVEKINS AND OLD MAN MUFFAROO** [PLATE III]. A frighteningly ingenious experiment in compression, the first half of these strips magically becomes the second half when the reader turns the page 180 degrees. Twin doorways figure in 1904's minareted "Fairy Palace."

Muffaroo transgressors into Lovekins, "funny little fairies" are replaced by "loathsome hobgoblins" and a genie morphs into a raging bull.

Comics pages are architectural structures—the narrative rows of panels are like stories of a building—and while an eccentric artist like Verbeek could turn that structure on its head, Winsor McCay, the towering genius of the first decade of comics, drew monumental structures designed to last. A signifi-

cant giant Flip, their cigar chomping associate, scrambles to catch up with them, knocking over the tall buildings near where the twin towers would fall 94 years later.

McCay's colleague, George McManus, tweaked Nemo and the funnies' move to the bourgeois suburbs in an early strip of his own, *Nibsy the Newsboy*, about a streetwise slum kid who gets dragged off to "Funny Fairyland." McManus then

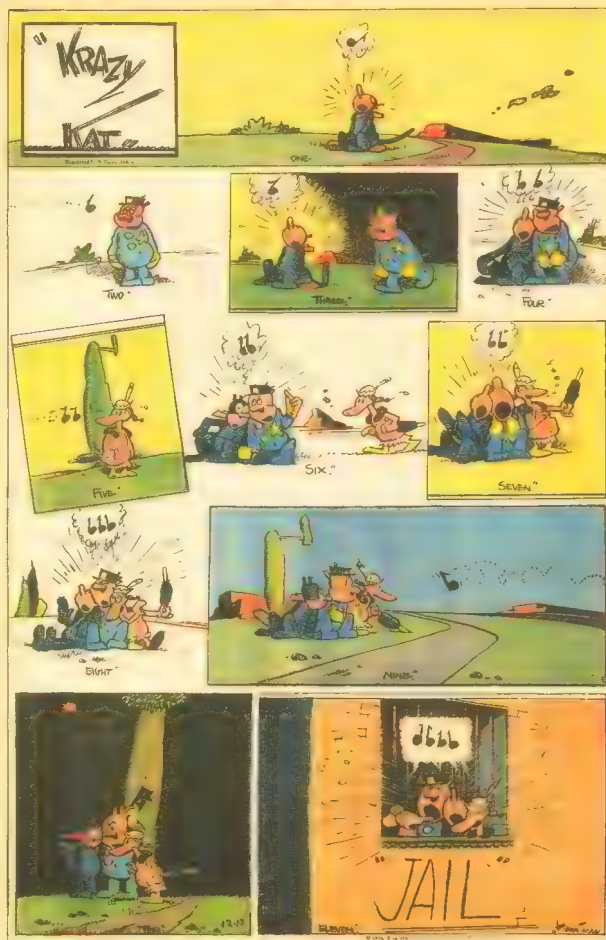
resumed his own long-term project: bringing sitcom domestic comedy to the comics, an undertaking that culminated in his classic **BRINGING UP FATHER** [PLATE VII]. Usually focused on marital and class strife—Maggie, a *nouveau riche* shrew, tries to drag her lottery-winning prole of a husband, Jiggs, up the social ladder—this episode takes place in a dreamland where cartoon characters can keep towers from tumbling.

But it was **KRAZY KAT** that hit me hardest. George Herriman's Kat-Pupp-Mouse love triangle has been universally celebrated as the jewel in the dunce cap of my art form; and for once, I'm comfortable going with the crowd, one that has included cultural arbiters like e. e. cummings and Umberto Eco. There have been many "one-note" strips in the history of comics—Winsor McCay's short lived *Little Sammy Sneeze*, about a tyke whose powerful sneezes knock over everything from a pushcart to, eventually, a whole city, comes to mind—but never anything like *Krazy Kat*: the lyrical and idiosyncratic Deco doodle-style strip featured a Kat who loves getting "beamed by a brick" tossed almost daily by a malevolent mouse, Ignatz, who is then chased by one Offissa Pupp (a bulldog quietly in love with the Kat) who tosses the miscreant into a jail made of... bricks!

The strip's admirers could and did read Herriman's daily variations as anything from political allegory

(Mouse as Anarchist, Kop as Fascist, Kat as the elusive spirit of Democracy) to psychosexual drama (Mouse as Ego, Kop as Superego and Kat as untrammeled Id). But the ineffable beauty of *Krazy Kat* was that it was simply about a Kat getting konked with a brick. It presented an open ended metaphor that could contain *all* stories simultaneously; and after September 11, Ignatz started looking a lot like Osama Bin Laden to me!

One silent page from 1936 shows Krazy caterwauling in the ever-shifting desert scape of Coccinno County. Kat is joined by Kop for a duet, then by Mrs. Kwak Wak for a trio. A forlorn note rumbles into the panel and, after conferring, they all realize that they have no choice but to join Ignatz in his cell for a quartet. This is deep stuff, and after the attack it hit me like a ton of bricks: it proposed that since every Eden has its snake, one must somehow learn to live in harmony with that snake! I'm still working on it.



cant early innovator of the animated cartoon form as well as comics, McCay excelled in giving shape to our dream lives, as concrete in his renderings as Feininger was abstract. In his instantly popular **LITTLE NEMO IN SLUMBER** AND [PLATE VI], which began in the *New York Herald* at the end of 1905, we've traveled a long way from Hogan's Alley. Nemo, a young boy from a well-heeled family, journeyed nightly to a dreamland of baroque architecture and circus pageantry to hang out with King Morpheus' daughter before waking up, usually distressed, in the last small panel. Changes in scale (of panels as well as everything else), figures flying and falling and the real-world fantasy architecture of McCay's beloved New York City dominated the stunning weekly pages.

In our September 29, 1907, example an outsized Nemo and his companion, a Jungle Imp, are lost in the canyons of Lower Manhattan, and make their way to the South Street piers along the East River. A

The Kin-der-Kids abroad

Triumphant departure of the Kids, in the family Bathtub!!

Feininger



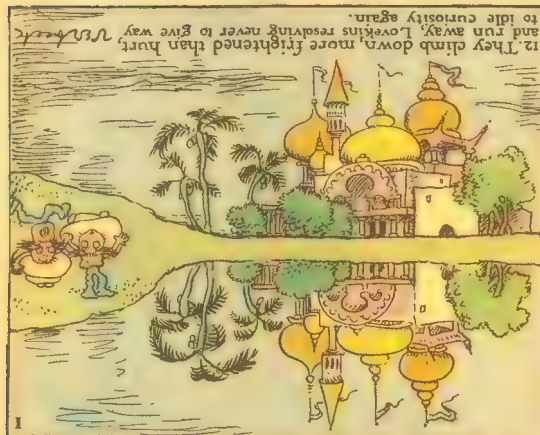
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The War Scare in Hogan's Alley.



THE UPSIDE-DOWNS OF LITTLE LADY LOVEKINS AND OLD MAN MUFFAROO

• THE FAIRY PALACE •



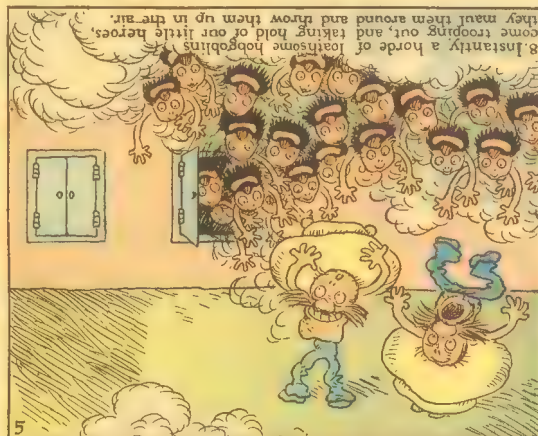
One day Lovekins and Muffaroo come to a beautiful lake, just like a mirror, and on its shores they see a lovely palace, toward which they make their way.



Then he vanishes, and pretty soon they find the two mysterious closets. Muffaroo remembers the Genie's words.



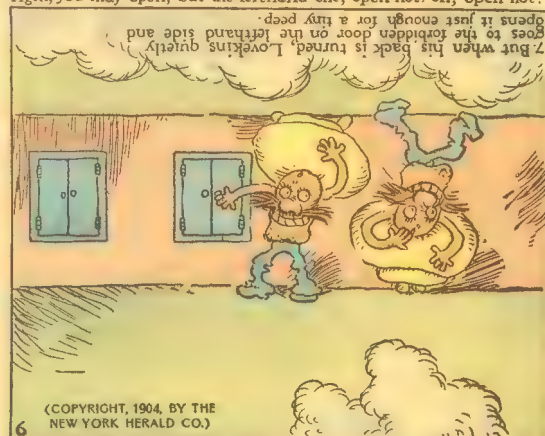
"Let us go in!" cries little Lady Lovekins, and as the big door stands wide open, in they go!



So he opens only the righthand door, and behold! out come a lot of funny little fairies, singing sweet songs to them. "How do you do, fairies!" Muffaroo calls out



Inside, a great Genie floats up to them in a cloud of smoke. "You will find two mysterious closets," says he. "The one on the right, you may open, but the lefthand one, open not! oh, open not!"

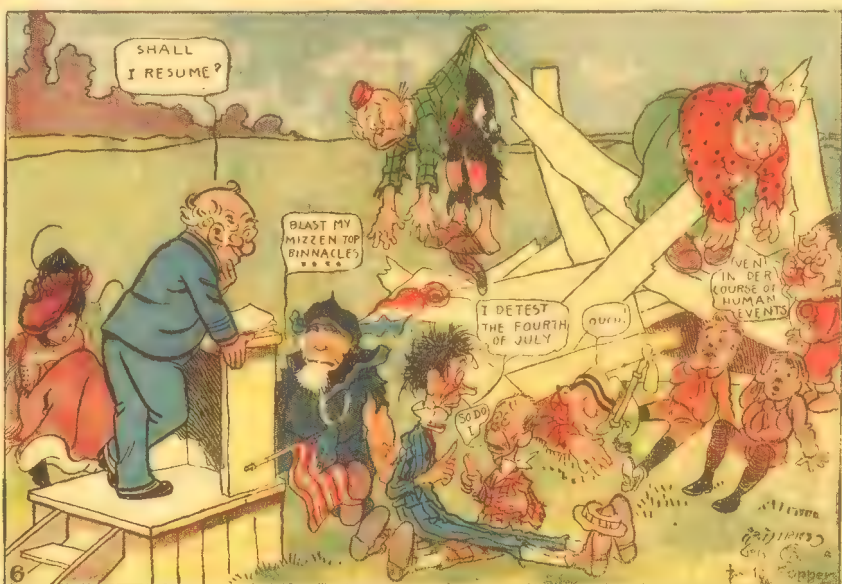
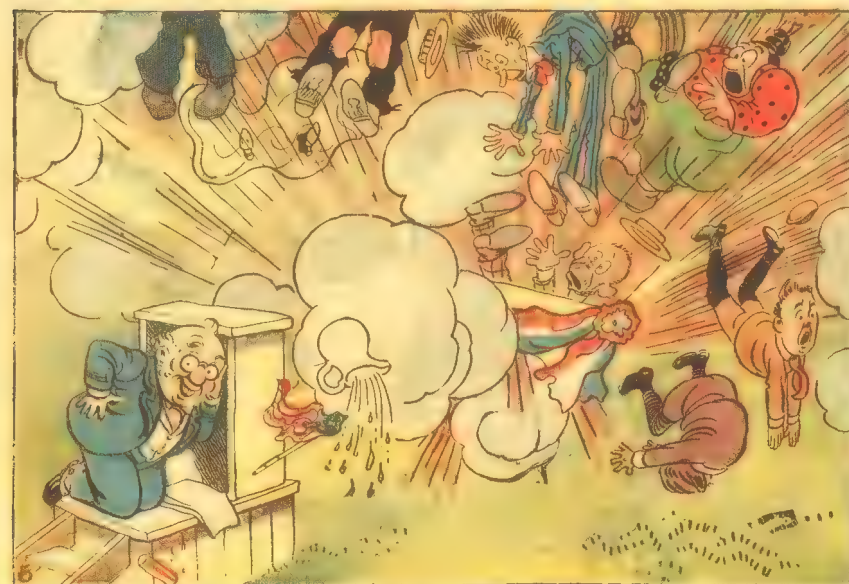
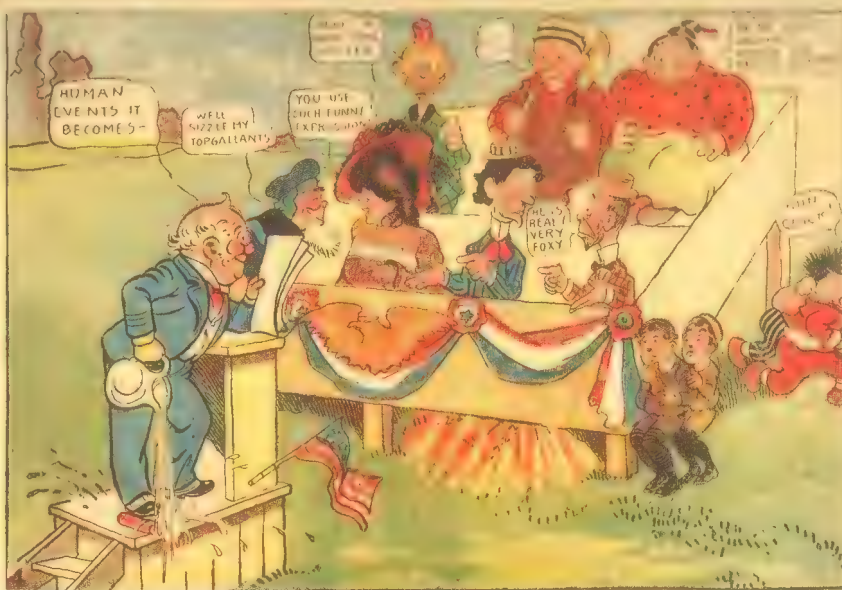
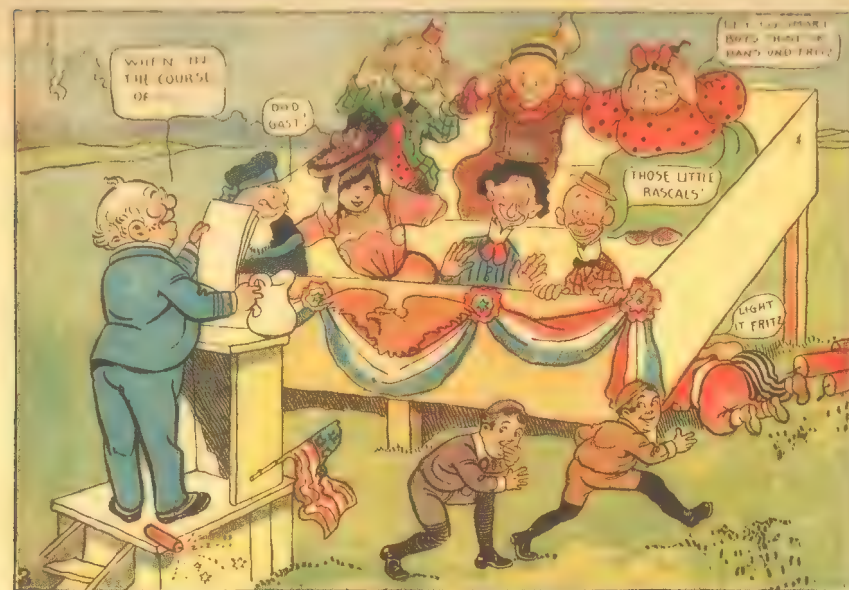
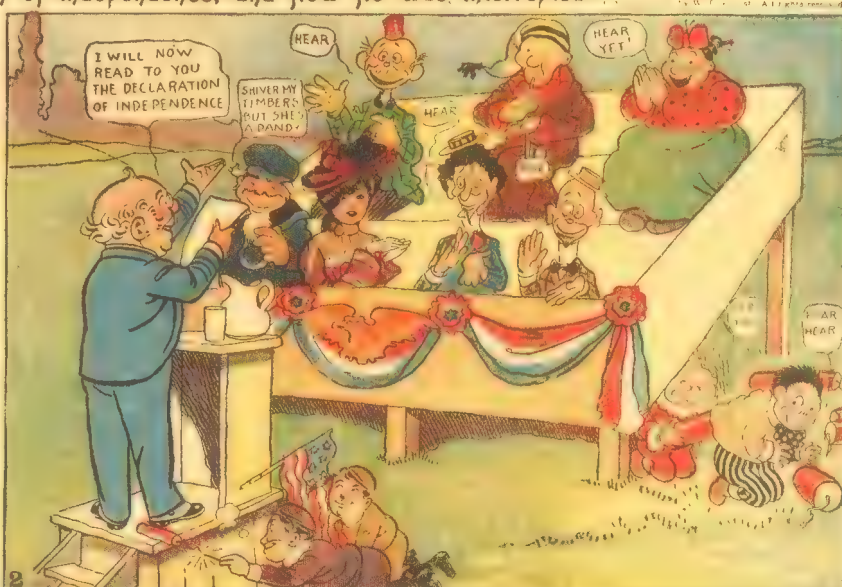
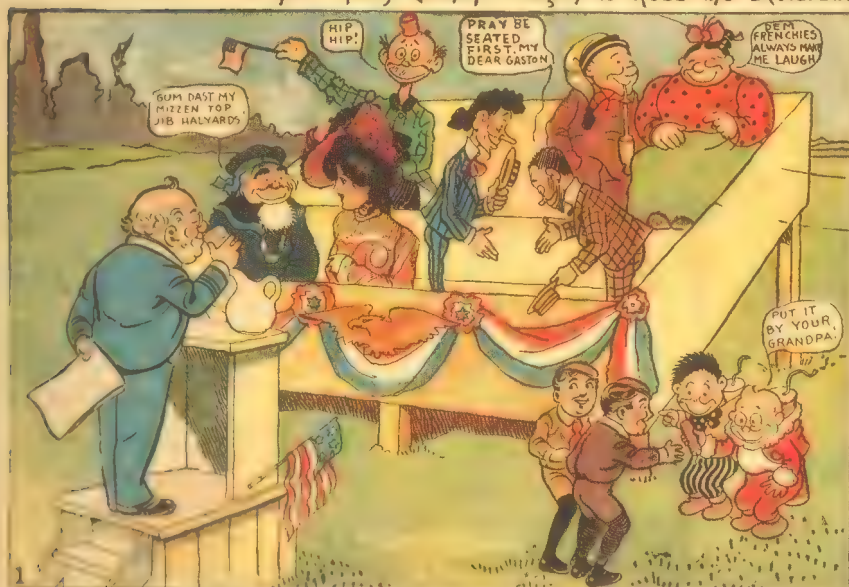


The fairies go back, and Muffaroo closes the door again. "I wonder what is in the other closet," says Lovekins. "Ah, that we shall never know!" replies Old Man Muffaroo.



The Glorious Fourth of July!

How Foxy Grandpa Began to Read the Declaration of Independence, and How He Was Interrupted



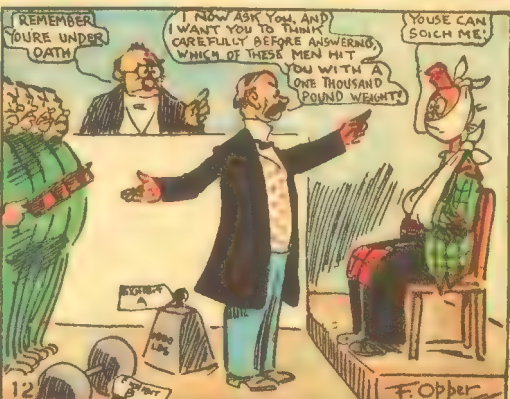
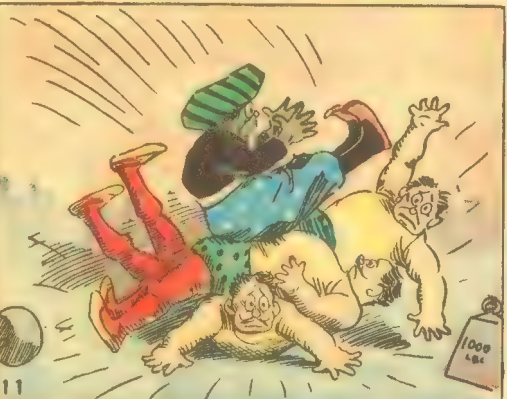
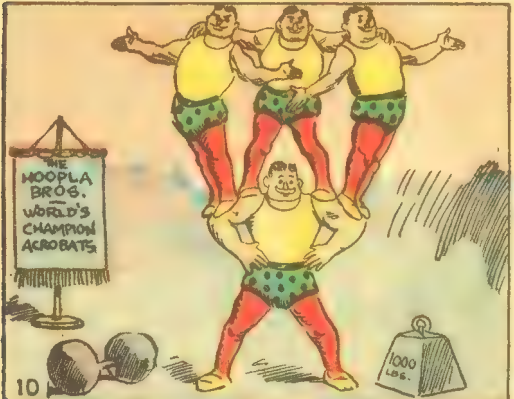
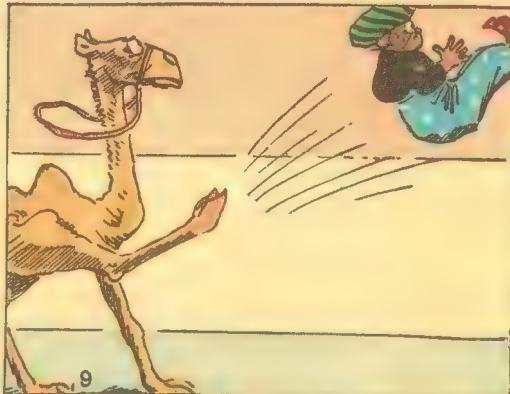
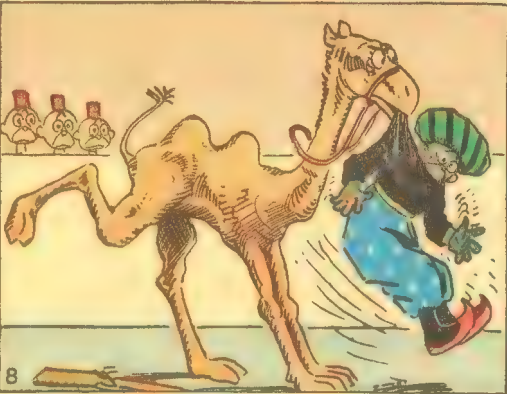
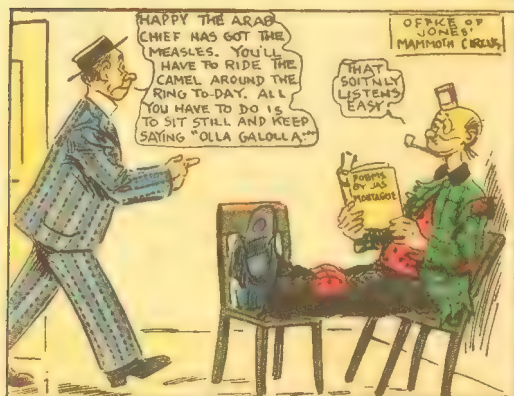
Comic Section
of the
**New York
American.**
August 27 1911



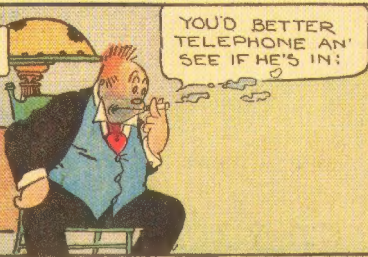
Is This Abdullah, the Arab Chief?

No, Gwendolin, It's Our Old Friend Happy Hooligan!

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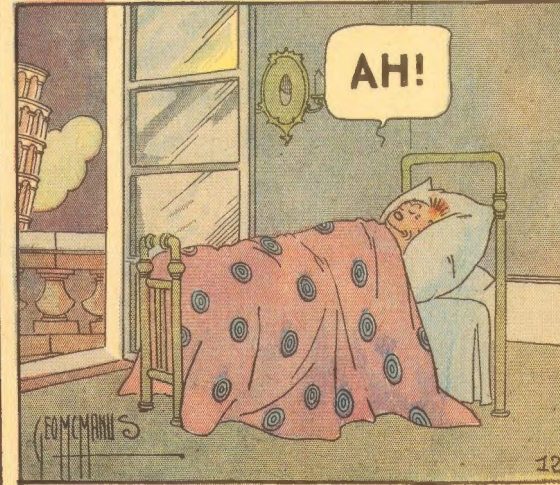
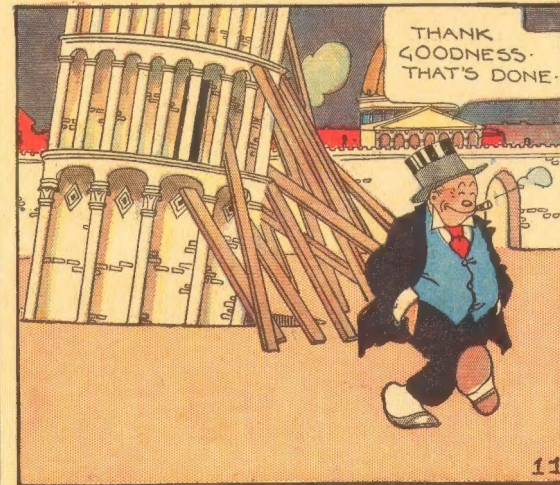
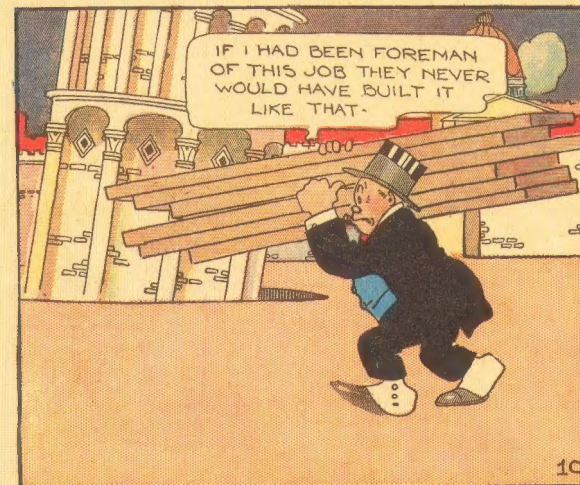
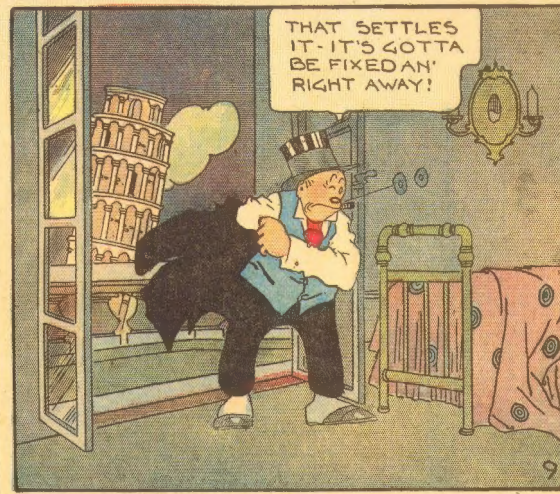
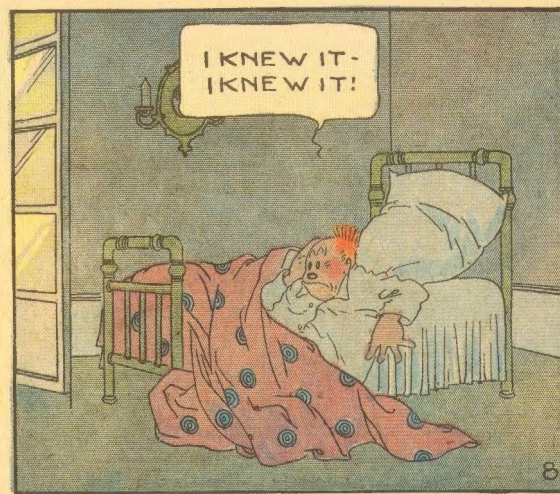
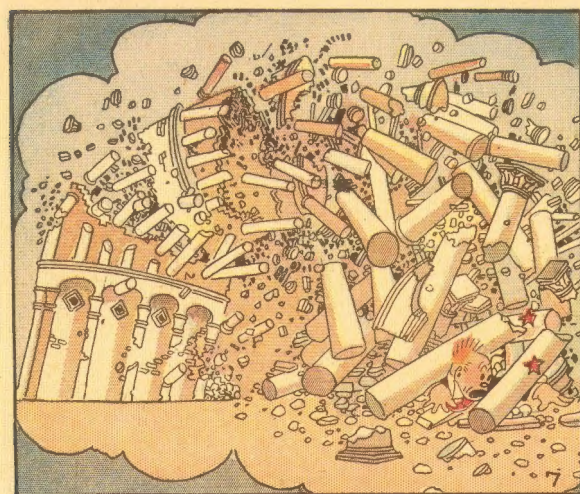
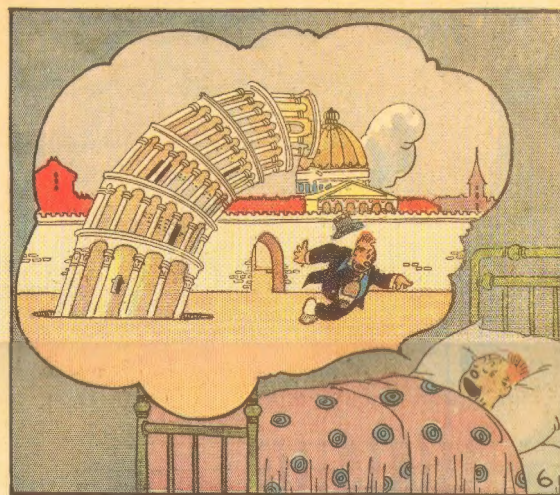
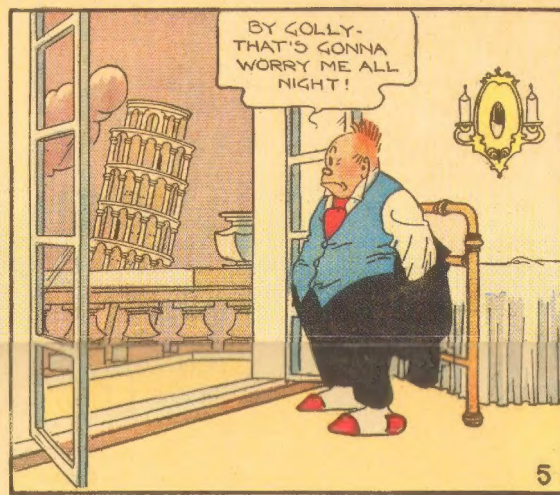
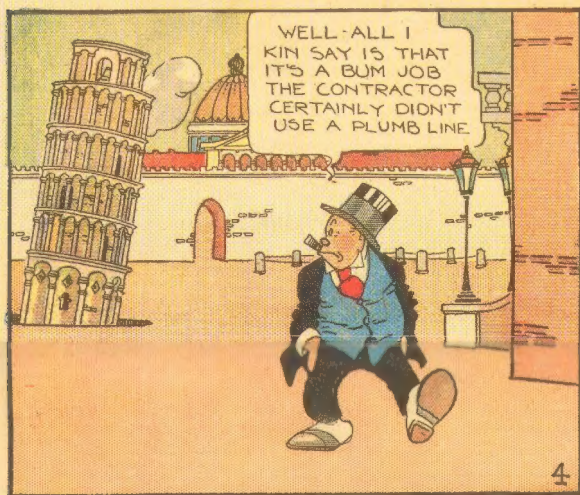
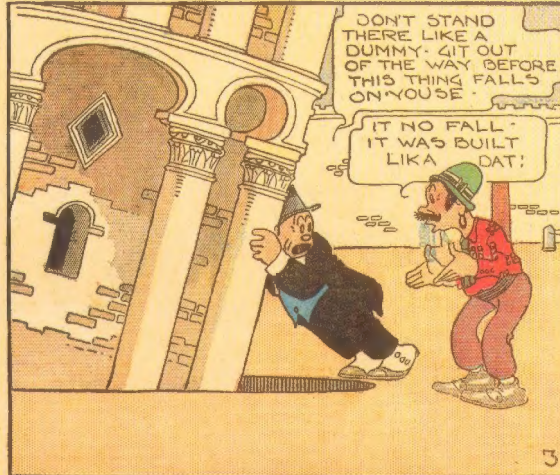
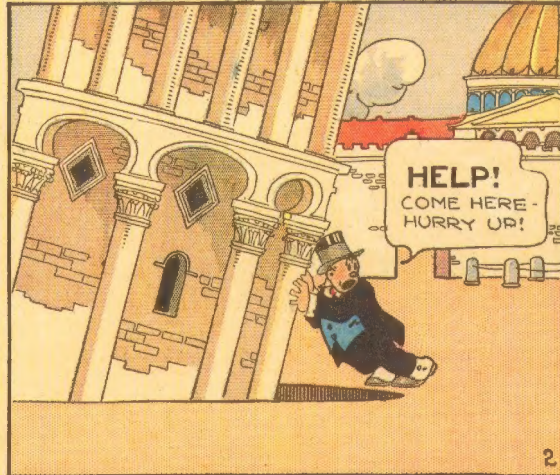
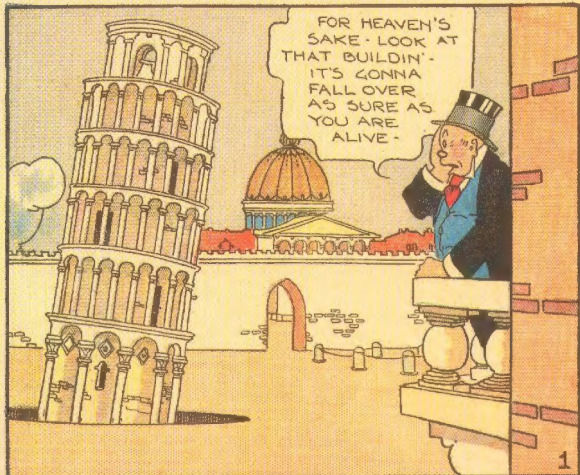




BEGIN EACH DAY WITH A LAUGH!
 "BRINGING UP FATHER"
 APPEARS EVERY DAY
 IN THE NEW YORK AMERICAN

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Bringing Up Father



Weather Forecast: SHOWERS.
first Where Best Known.
The American News Company's
that The World's regular
City circulation is less of any
greater than that of any other
See-Auction Sales,
VOL. XLII, NO. 14,631.



Books Open to All!
Press Publishing
York World.



The World.

Weather Forecast: SHOWERS.
A ? and the Answer.
1,610 employers advertised for help in The
World yesterday. The next highest paper
carried only 516.
See on this diagram which is the great home paper of
New York City?
See Auction Sales, page 12.

PRESIDENTS WOUND REOPENED; SLIGHT CHANGE FOR WORSE

"FIRE! THE WORLD TRADE CENTER IS ON FIRE!"
Time 9/11/01
Hijacked jets hit twin towers and
hit Pentagon in day of terror
Warrant Is
ing Her of
dent McKinley.

LIVE IMAGES MAKE VIEWERS WITNESSES TO HORROR
NY Times 9/11/01
TALIBAN IN TEXAS FOR TALKS ON GAS PIPELINE
THE 1,300KM PIPELINE WILL CARRY GAS ACROSS AFGHANISTAN'S HARSH TERRAIN
BBC 12/4/97

WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE—BUSH CALLS FOR BIN LADEN'S HEAD
NY Post 9/18/01

THE AGE OF IRONY COMES TO AN END
Time 9/24/01
RADIO WARNS AFGHANS OVER FOOD PARCELS DO NOT CONFUSE THE CYLINDER-SHAPED BOMB WITH THE RECTANGULAR FOOD BAG
BBC 10/28/01

BIN LADEN USES 10 LOOKALIKES TO FOIL HUNT
Reuters 11/17/01

BIN LADEN'S VEGAS VIDEO! HIGH STAKES, HOOKERS AND HUMMUS
Weekly World News 12/31/01

FORGET OSAMA, SAYS BUSH BUT LOOK OUT, SADDAM
AP 3/14/02

NEW ATTACK "A MATTER OF TIME"
NY Post 5/27/02
ANTI ARAB ASSAULTS SURGE HERE
NY Post 9/21/01

WAR IS HELL (ON YOUR CIVIL LIBERTIES)
Time 11/15/01

IN NY, TAKING A BREATH OF FEAR ILLNESSES BRING NEW DOUBTS ABOUT TOXIC EXPOSURE NEAR GROUND ZERO
Wash. Post 1/8/02

NEW YORK CITY SMOKING BAN SMELLS SWEET TO NEW JERSEY BAR OWNERS
Knight-Ridder/Tribune 2/2/03

TRAUMATIC MOMENTS END, BUT REMINDERS STILL LINGER
NY Times 11/6/01

THREE-QUARTERS OF AMERICANS SURVEYED SAID THEY FLEW FLAG AFTER SEPT. 11
AP 7/3/02

MUSLIMS SAY THEY'RE AVOIDING JULY FOURTH EVENTS OUT OF FEAR OF BEING MISTAKEN FOR TERRORISTS
AP 7/4/02

PROHIBITED WEAPONS; ILLICIT ARMS KEPT TILL EVE OF WAR, AN IRAQI SCIENTIST IS SAID TO ASSERT
NY Times 4/21/03

BUSH, BLAIR AND THE "EUROWIMPS"
Time 4/8/02
PROTESTS; 1.5 MILLION DEMONSTRATORS IN CITIES ACROSS EUROPE OPPOSE A WAR AGAINST IRAQ
NY Times 2/16/03

HALLIBURTON OUT OF THE RUNNING
DICK CHENEY'S FORMER EMPLOYER WON'T HAVE LEAD ROLE IN RECONSTRUCTING IRAQ
CNN 2/3/03

BEWARE THE BRIEFCASE BOMB
NY Post 2/12/03

PENTAGON OPENS CRIMINAL INQUIRY OF HALLIBURTON PRICING
NY Times 12/24/04

NEW YORK TIMES IN SHOCK AS REPORTER'S LIES ARE UNCOVERED
The Guardian 5/12/03

THE TRUTH WILL BE AS ELUSIVE AS SADDAM
The Guardian 7/6/03

MILLER TIME (AGAIN)
THE NEW YORK TIMES OWES READERS AN EXPLANATION FOR JUDITH MILLER'S FAULTY WND REPORTING.
Slate 2/12/04

WEAPONS OF MASS DISAPPEARANCE
Time 6/09/03

EDGY CITY MOVES TO ORANGE
NY Post 12/23/03

SODA SPILL ON LOBBY FLOOR OF FBI CAUSES COMMOTION
The Oklahoman 2/12/03

Remove Several Stitches Because of Slight Irritation Due to Presence of a Fragment of Mr. McKinley's Coat, Carried Into the Wound by the Bullet, but They De- Patient's Condition Is Un- changed in All Important Particulars.

PATIENT TAKES FOOD FOR THE FIRST TIME.
Dr. McBurney Had Planned to Leave for New York Last Night, but He Postpones His De- parture and Takes Part in a Consultation of Surgeons that Lasts for Two Hours—Latest Operation Will Delay Healing of Wound.

LATEST OFFICIAL BULLETIN.
MILBURN HOUSE, BUFFALO, Sept. 10.—10.30 P. M.—The condition of the President is unchanged in all important particulars. His temperature is 100.6; pulse, 114; respiration, 28.

When the operation was done on Friday last it noted that the bullet had carried with it a short distance beneath the skin a fragment of the Pres- ident's foreign material was, of course removed. BUT A SLIGHT IRRITATION OF THE TISSUES WAS PRODUCED, THE EVIDENCE OF WHICH WAS APPEARED ONLY TO-NIGHT. It has been necessary on account of this slight disturbance to remove a few stitches and partially open the skin wound.

This incident cannot give rise to other compli- cations, but it is communicated to the public, as the surgeons in attendance wish to make their bulletins entirely frank.

In consequence of this separation of the edges of the surface wound the healing of the same will be somewhat delayed.

President is now well enough to begin to be nourished by the mouth in the form of pure beef juice.

(Signed) P. H. RIXEY, M. D. MANN, ROSWELL PARK, HERMAN MYNTER, CHARLES MCBURNEY, GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, Secretary to the President.

ART SPIEGELMAN IS THE CREATOR OF THE PULITZER PRIZE-WINNING MAUS, A SURVIVOR'S TALE. THE TWO-VOLUME WORK HAS BEEN TRANSLATED INTO EIGHTEEN LANGUAGES. IN 1980 HE AND HIS WIFE, FRANÇOISE MOULY, CO-FOUNDED RAW, THE ACCLAIMED AND INFLUENTIAL MAGAZINE OF AVANT-GARDE COMICS AND GRAPHICS, WHICH THEY CO-EDITED UNTIL 1991. FROM 1992 TO 2002 HE WAS A STAFF ARTIST AND WRITER FOR THE NEW YORKER, WHICH PUBLISHED HIS POWERFUL BLACK-ON-BLACK 9/11 COVER A FEW DAYS AFTER THE EVENT. HIS DRAWINGS AND PRINTS HAVE BEEN EXHIBITED IN MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. SPIEGELMAN LIVES, AGAINST ALL THE ODDS, IN LOWER MANHATTAN WITH HIS WIFE AND THEIR TWO CHILDREN, NADJA AND DASHIELL.

STITCHES TAKEN OUT.
Several of the stitches were simply taken out, they said, and after a thorough antiseptic washing of the inflamed tissues the wound was again sown up.

Re-suturing was not needed. A considerable degree was caused by the fact that a dressing desired by the surgeons was not put on the wound, and it was necessary to send for it. The first time the dressing was changed he did not bring what was needed and was sent home.

NO OTHER COMPLICATIONS.
The surgeons would be glad all appreciation by the positive statement that the incident cannot give rise to OTHER complications. They say the wound will be healed by the healing of the wound.

The bulletin would, accordingly, that Mr. McKinley had been able to take a little food was the first time he has taken food in the normal way since he was shot.

The President's brother, Abner McKinley, was in the house while the surgeons were at work. With him were Secretary of War Root, Secretary Cortelyou, John D. Thompson and Harry Hamilton, who has been entertaining Senator Tamm.

In connection with tonight's developments it is explained that the resumption of the surgery would not affect the two interior wounds, one in the back and one in the breast, from which the President is suffering.

Part of these wounds, it was added, are healing nicely.

POP-TART SHELVES PLAN TO ACT OUT SUICIDE

BRITNEY VIDEO SHOCKER

BUSH SWOOPS IN, LANDS ON CARRIER CALLS LIBERATION OF IRAQ BLOW AGAINST TERRORISM

NY Daily News 5/2/03

NY Daily News 12/14/98

NY Times 2/16/03

NY Times 4/21/03

NY Times 11/6/01

NY Times 9/21/01

NY Times 12/24/04

NY Times 2/12/03

NY Times 5/12/03

NY Times 7/6/03

NY Times 9/18/01

NY Times 11/17/01

NY Times 12/31/01



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